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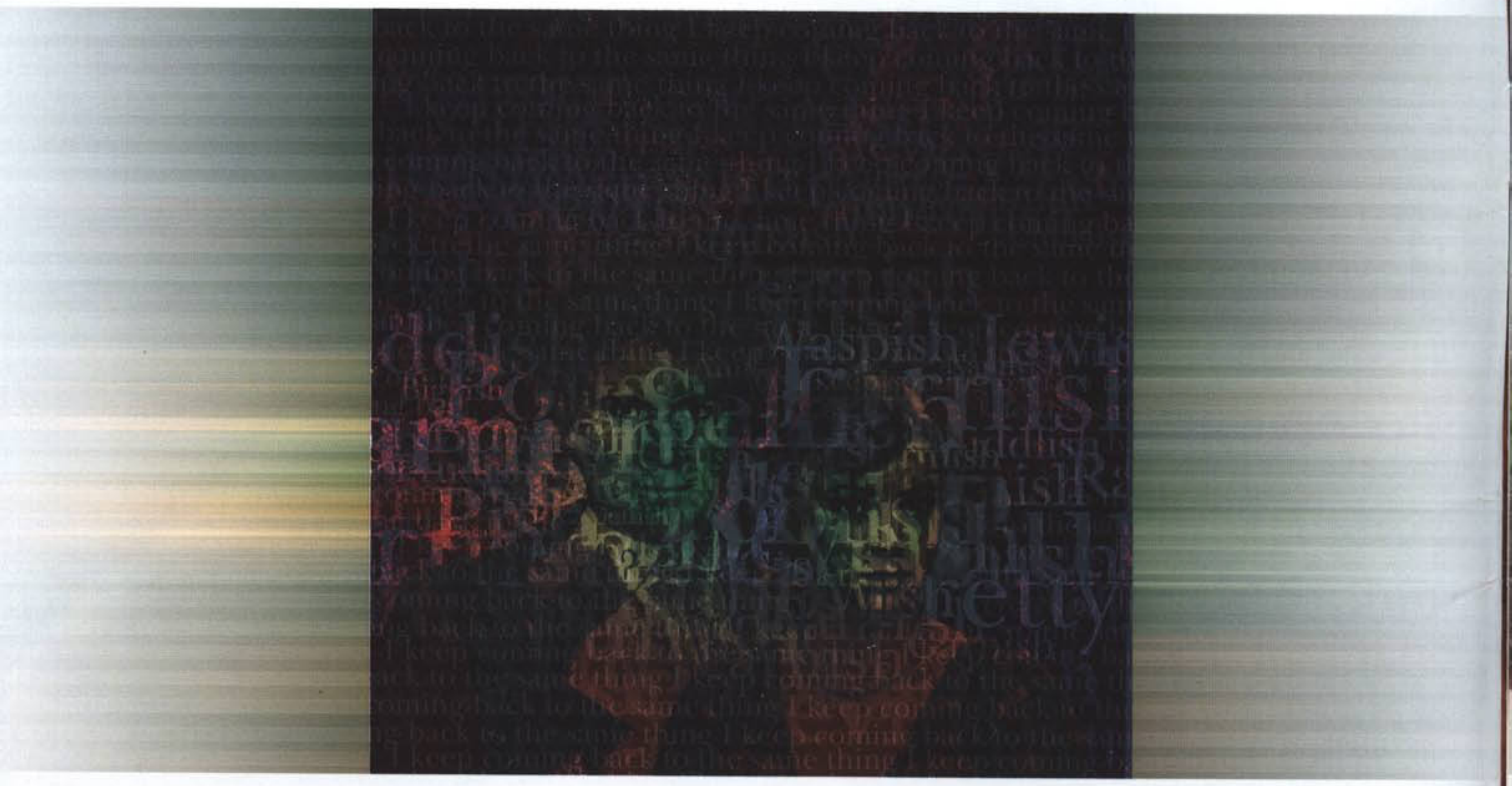
SOMETHING … SLIGHTLY ASKEW.”



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DWM 321

'Pathetic, isn't it?'

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Nick Briggs fulfilled a childhood fantasy behind the scenes on BBCi's new internet drama *Real Time*, and now he wants to tell us all about it – with a littlehelp from his celebrity friends!

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Ooh-arr – shiver me timbers! Andrew Pixley digs up hidden treasures as *The Smugglers* sails into our *Archive*!

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Eradicator weapons at the ready! Six-times *Who* star Peter Halliday spills the beans on shaky scenery, sweaty Cybermen, green paint, glove puppets and graveyards ...

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Editor's letter OUTRAGED OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Do you know the thing that most annoys me about *Doctor Who*? That I *care* so much about it.

I don't mean normal 'oh isn't it lovely' caring. Oh no. I mean 'seething because someone's been a bit mean to the Daleks on a TV game show' caring. Or 'getting shamefully excited about the extra features on an upcoming DVD ("clean titles you say?")' caring. It's not right, is it?

And the thing that annoys me most about this depth of feeling (which, if you remember, is the thing that annoys me most about *Doctor Who*) is the number of stupid, trivial things that are consequently able to aggravate me. No normal human being should see red when he spies Time Lord spelt as 'Timelord' ("that's the pop group, you idiot!") or a photo of the ("hideous flat-roofed bastardised") TARDIS from Seasons Fifteen to Seventeen, or people calling *The Curse of Fatal Death* 'The Curse of THE Fatal Death' ("It's up on screen! Read it with your eyes!") or any number of other stupid, trivial, doesn't-matter-a-tinker's-cuss-in-all-honesty things that can make me apoplectic with rage for about three seconds.

But the thing that annoys me most within the thing that annoys me most about the thing that annoys me most about *Doctor Who* (apart from that sentence I've just typed which seemed funny when I started it), is people writing in/phoning up/e-mailing us/posting messages to worldwideinterwebnet chat groups, accusing **DWM** of all manner of plots and schemes and hidden agendas in order to talk up/do down/slag off/worship-at-the-feet-of* the books/audios/webcasts, etc (*delete as applicable).

Now I'm a fairly reasonable chap, but it's hard not to get narked as **DWM** really does try very hard to cover the whole weird and wonderful world of *Doctor Who* in as fair and balanced a way as possible. So even as I happily announce that this issue sees expanded coverage of the BBC Books in our *Coming Up* section, and the start of an irregular column examining *Doctor Who* on the internet, plus a look behind the scenes of BBCi's new audio drama, there's a part of me that is just waiting for the next letter giving us a rocket for any or all of the above.

But, of course, I realise that people only complain because ... well, because they *care* so much.

So who am I to talk?

Clay

Coming Up...

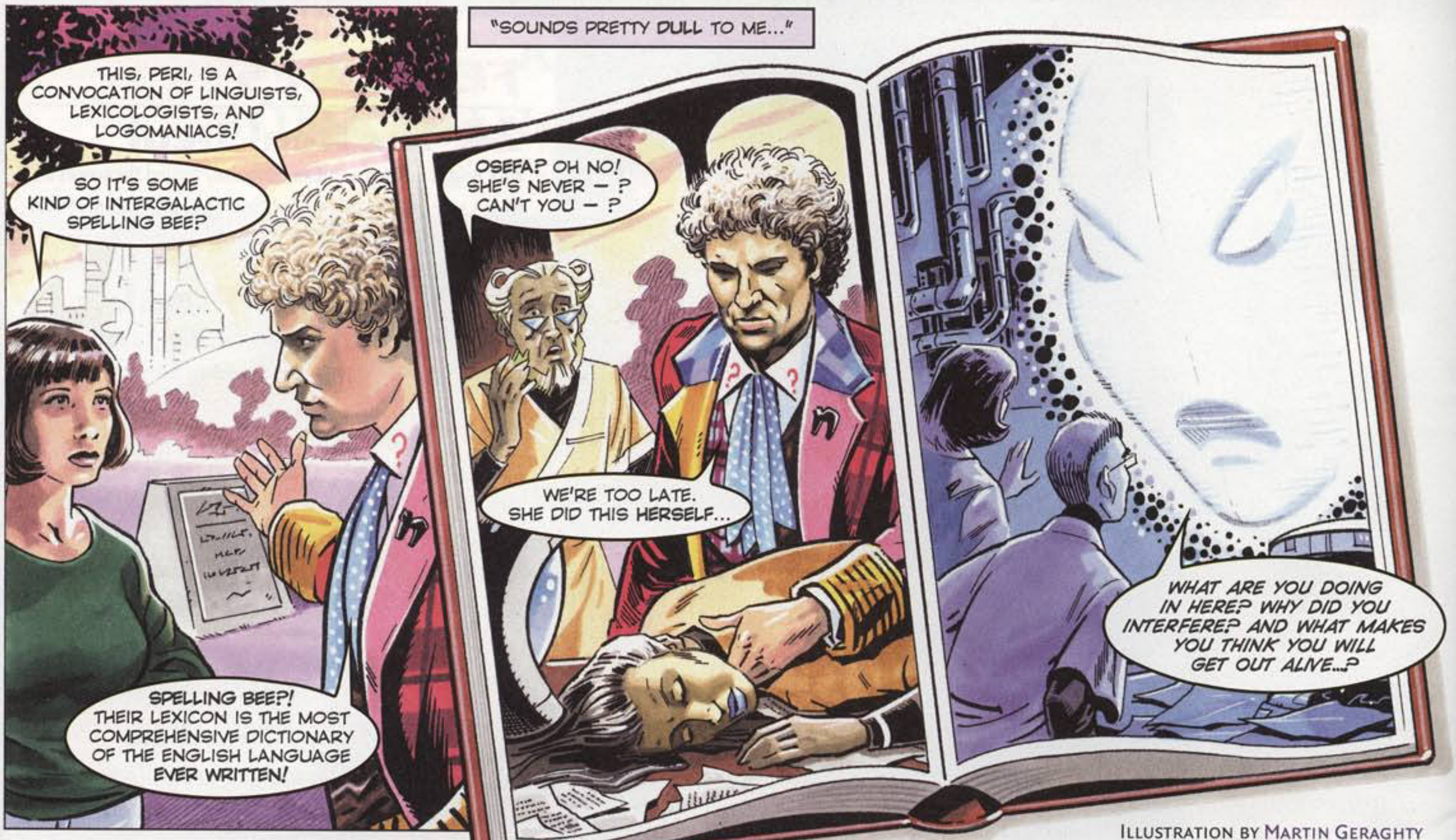
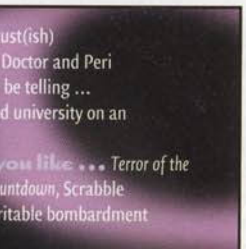

"SOUNDS PRETTY DULL TO ME..."
THIS, PERI, IS A CONVOCATION OF LINGUISTS, LEXICOLOGISTS, AND LOGOMANIACS!
SO IT'S SOME KIND OF INTERGALACTIC SPELLING BEE?
SPELLING BEE?! THEIR LEXICON IS THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE EVER WRITTEN!
OSEFA? OH NO! SHE'S NEVER – ? CAN'T YOU – ?
WE'RE TOO LATE. SHE DID THIS HERSELF...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE? WHY DID YOU INTERFERE? AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU WILL GET OUT ALIVE...?

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN GERAGHTY

...ish

an audio drama by Philip Pascoe


COLIN BAKER
DOCTOR WHO
...ISH

Released on 29 August(ish)
Featuring The Sixth Doctor and Peri
Enemies That would be telling ...
Setting An unspecified university on an unnamed planet
You'll like this if you like ... *Terror of the Vervoids, Call My Bluff, Countdown,* Scrabble
Listen out for a veritable bombardment of verbivores

The Doctor Colin Baker
Peri Nicola Bryant
Book Moray Treadwell
Professor Osefa Marie Collett
Warren Chris Eley
Cawdrey Oliver Hume

Music Nicholas Briggs
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Nicholas Briggs

Words – where would we be without them? **Language**, *noun*: a system of communication with its own set of conventions or special words. **Dictionary**, *noun*, (*plural* **-ies**): a book that lists – usually alphabetically – and explains words of a language, or gives corresponding words in other languages. A university is staging a convocation of linguists, lexicologists, and logomaniacs to showcase the most comprehensive dictionary of the English language ever written – called, simply, the Lexicon. The Head of the Department of Lexicographic Studies, Professor Osefa de Palabra Hftzbrn, is found dead as a doornail – and lost for words – in the Scriptorium. **Murder** *noun*: intentional killing of one being by another; *colloquial*, dangerous state of affairs ...

Mystery, *noun*, (*plural* **-ies**): hidden or inexplicable matter; secrecy, obscurity; story about puzzling event. What had Osefa learnt about language? And who might want it suppressed? Just how commercial has the Lexicon become? Is there no space outside of Language? **Adventurer**, *noun*, (*feminine*, **adventuress**): somebody who seeks exciting or risky experiences. The Doctor and Peri arrive on campus just ahead of Osefa's demise. **Whodunnit**, *noun*: unfortunate *double entendre*. Is the letter of law a foreign alphabet? Will the Doctor save English as what she is spoke? Can Peri prevent a mutiny against minutiae? Or will she succumb to the most heinous sentence? A killer remains at large, threatening to spread havoc and disorder against language and learning the length and breadth of articulate space ...

'The Sixth Doctor and Peri's relationship is defined by language'

Writer, *noun*: somebody who writes as a profession; person who wrote a particular text or document. "One of my favourite books as a kid was *Mrs Byrne's Dictionary of Unusual, Obscure, and Preposterous Words* – a classic of recreational linguistics." So says Australian scripter Philip Pascoe, whose favourite word is 'bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoohoordenenthurnuk' – "I wanted to use it in *...ish* but couldn't quite find a place," which may tell you something about the nature of the play. "I've always hung around on the fringes of language," he recapitulates, "expanding my vocabulary according to what amuses me, rather than what words are most useful. English is one of the most important things that our species has made, though in many senses, it made us. A series as innovative and expansive as *Doctor Who* could only have come about in a language as flexible and adaptive as English."

The release of *...ish* is particularly timely, coming as it does shortly after **Tardis** (*noun*: a thing seemingly from another time; a thing which has a larger capacity than its outward appearance suggests) finally made it into *The Oxford English Dictionary*. "I am campaigning for top lexicographers to admit Kriz from *The Brain of Morbius*, too," Philip galvanizes, "if only for the sake of future Scrabble players! I've watched, read, and listened to *Doctor Who* for longer than I can remember. When the Sixth Doctor first appeared, I'd just lost my first tooth and bought my first **DWM**; I was really getting interested in the series. Even then, I knew that I wanted to grow up to write something as incredible and exciting as *The Twin Dilemma* and *Timelash* were ..." **Turkey**, *noun*: large originally American bird bred for food; something that fails or flops.

"One of the great liberations of working on audio is not having to run up and down corridors in Lycra leotards," ruminates Nicola Bryant, whose chosen word is 'onomatopoeic' ("because it has a nice feel in the mouth"). **Actor**, *noun*, (*feminine*, **actress**): somebody who performs in plays, films, or television. Nicola elucidates: "*Doctor Who* fans can't possibly tell what I'm wearing on audio!" Is that a promise or a challenge? "Heh – is there photographic evidence? Our original Big Finish recording studios, I have to say, sometimes got so hot that we were practically all doing it in less than we ever wore on *Doctor Who*, which is hard to believe!" **Oo-er!**, *noun*: used as an exclamation of pleasant surprise or approval, or – humorously – to suggest something is scandalous.

"The Sixth Doctor and Peri have one of the most interesting Doctor/companion partnerships," Philip propositions, "because it's defined by language. Imagine what it's like for Peri every time he interrupts what she's saying! How much does his pedantry hurt? If the Doctor and Peri can't resolve the problems that they have with the English language, perhaps the language will come and sort them out first ..."

"Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No – it's an ish!" extrapolates Colin Baker, *bon vivant of bon mots*, whose winning word is 'sausage' ("I like the word 'love', I suppose, but 'sausage' has a certain something ...") He recapitulates: "English is spoken throughout the entire Universe, as anyone who watches *Doctor Who* should know! *...ish* uses the English language to threaten the very fabric of space and time – with lots of long words." Colin has brought his own – mighty large – dictionary into the studio with him. **Clever clogs**: *noun*, learned person, intellectual; nifty footwear. "I love it when listeners have to look words up in a dictionary."

Book, *proper noun*: a projected artificial intelligence or 'hologlyph', the organising principle of the Lexicon. "I am a walking dictionary," substantiates Moray Treadwell, whose word of the month is 'kumquat', "so I sure have my fair share of tongue-twisty dialogue. If I think about my lines too much before I say them, I usually cock up ..." How did he approach playing a hologlyph, then? "I was slightly worried that some listeners might think that I was a robot, so I adopted normal speech patterns where possible. I mean, Book does have personality ..."

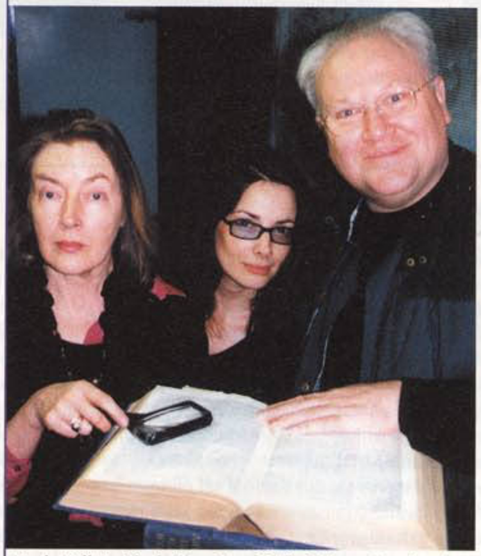
Nick Briggs directs Colin Baker. To the roof, it seems! © B. Cook

Could a hologlyph kill? "Oh now – that would be telling! Heh, heh."

"The idea of writing for the Sixth Doctor – with the love of language that he shares with his earthly counterpart – and writing a *Doctor Who* story about the nature of language evolved together," Philip disinters. "I sent a four-page proposal to Big Finish during the window of opportunity for unsolicited submissions back in 2000. This was the latest in a long line of proposals stretching back to when *Doctor Who* was still on the television, so I wasn't exactly confident, so when Gary [Russell, co-producer] e-mailed a few months later asking to see more ... I used a few choice items of Australian vernacular!"

Director, *noun*: person who directs, esp. for stage, etc.; member of board of company. **Nick**, *noun*: small cut or notch; *slang*, prison, police station; *colloquial*, state, condition; *verb*, make nick(s) in; *slang*, steal, arrest, catch. "We keep having to stop recording," verbalizes Nick Briggs, who is sat in studio with a fag in one hand and a dictionary in the other, "to confirm a pronunciation, or a definition, or to consult our human dictionary – namely Colin Baker! Philip has written a very unusual script, which is perfectly suited to audio." **Script**: *noun*, text of a play, film or broadcast – often adhered to.

"There are aspects of *...ish* that might challenge the listener," Philip admits, "but I've taken care to ensure that the story fits seamlessly into its era – right between *The Doctor Who Puzzle Book* and *Crisis in Space!*" **Kitsch**, *noun*: vulgar, pretentious, or worthless art. "I put lots of things in the script to make it more '*Who*-ey'. What really helped were *The Adventure Game* articles on episodic structure that **DWM** ran last year. I know my cliffhangers are a little odd, but had I gone with my original idea, then they'd have been even odder. I wanted *...ish* to fit in with the rest of Season Twenty-Two, which meant a two-part story split into four parts at the most inappropriate places for overseas distribution!" Sounds like murder ...



Marie Collett, Nicola Bryant and Colin Baker get verbose!

"I love words!" disseminates Marie Collett, whose bestest word of all is 'podia' – "beautiful little slippers, made by a lovely woman in Cumbria, 'podia' meaning 'feet' in Greek." What does she make of grammar gran Professor Osefa? "Arrogant and insensitive! I've always had quite a deep voice, I suppose, so I often play stern or frightening characters. Osefa expires rather early on – but all is not as it seems. And not everything makes sense!" Might Osefa have committed suicide? "Oh yes – more than possible! You'll have to wait and see! Nothing much in *...ish* is what it seems ..."

A game of verbal hide-and-seek, eh? The whole chain of events consists entirely of missing links. **Mixed metaphor**, *adjective/noun*: confused application of name or description to something to which it is not literally applicable. **Big**, *adjective* (**-gg-**): large; important; grown-up; boastful; *colloquial*, ambitious, generous; (usually + 'with'), advanced in pregnancy. **Finish**, *noun*: last stage, completion; verb, come to end or end of; complete.

BENJAMIN COOK

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Thursday 22

Audio drama Professor Bernice Summerfield and the Green Eyed Monsters by Dave Stone
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Friday 23

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[Sixth Doctor & Evelyn] BBCi

Saturday 24

TV Doctor Who: Nightmare of Eden by Bob Baker
[Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] *UK Gold*

Sunday 25

TV Doctor Who: The Horns of Nimon by Anthony Read
[Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] *UK Gold*

Thursday 29

Audio drama Doctor Who: ...ish by Philip Pascoe
[Sixth Doctor & Peri] *Big Finish*

Friday 30

Webcast Doctor Who: Real Time (Episode 5)
[Sixth Doctor & Evelyn] BBCi

Saturday 31

TV Doctor Who: The Leisure Hive by David Fisher
[Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] *UK Gold*

SEPTEMBER

Sunday 1

TV Doctor Who: Meglos by John Flanagan & Andrew McCulloch [Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] *UK Gold*

Monday 2

Novel Doctor Who: Time Zero by Justin Richards
[Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] *BBC Books*

Video Doctor Who: The Invisible Enemy by Bob Baker and Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] BBC *Video*

DOCTOR WHO
THE INVISIBLE ENEMY

Thursday 5

Audio drama Sarah Jane Smith: Test of Nerve by David Bishop [Sarah Jane Smith] *Big Finish £9.99*

Friday 6

Webcast Doctor Who: Real Time (Episode 6)
[Sixth Doctor & Evelyn] BBCi

Saturday 7

TV Doctor Who: Full Circle by Andrew Smith
[Fourth Doctor, Romana, Adric & K9] *UK Gold*

DVD Big Finish Talks Back: Paul McGann *Big Finish*

BF TalksBack
Paul McGann

Sunday 8

TV Doctor Who: State of Decay by Terrance Dicks [Fourth Doctor, Romana, Adric & K9] *UK Gold*

Thursday 12

Soundtrack Music From the Fifth Doctor Audio Adventures
Big Finish £9.99

Saturday 14

TV Doctor Who: Warriors' Gate by Steve Gallagher
[Fourth Doctor, Romana, Adric & K9] *UK Gold*

Sunday 15

TV Doctor Who: The Keeper of Traken by Johnny Byrne
[Fourth Doctor, Adric & Nyssa] *UK Gold*

Thursday 19

DWM 322 *Panini Comics £3.40*

Saturday 21

TV Doctor Who: Logopolis by Christopher H Bidmead
[Fourth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *UK Gold*

Sunday 22

TV Doctor Who: Castrovalva by Christopher H Bidmead
[Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *UK Gold*

Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]. All prices quoted are RRP.

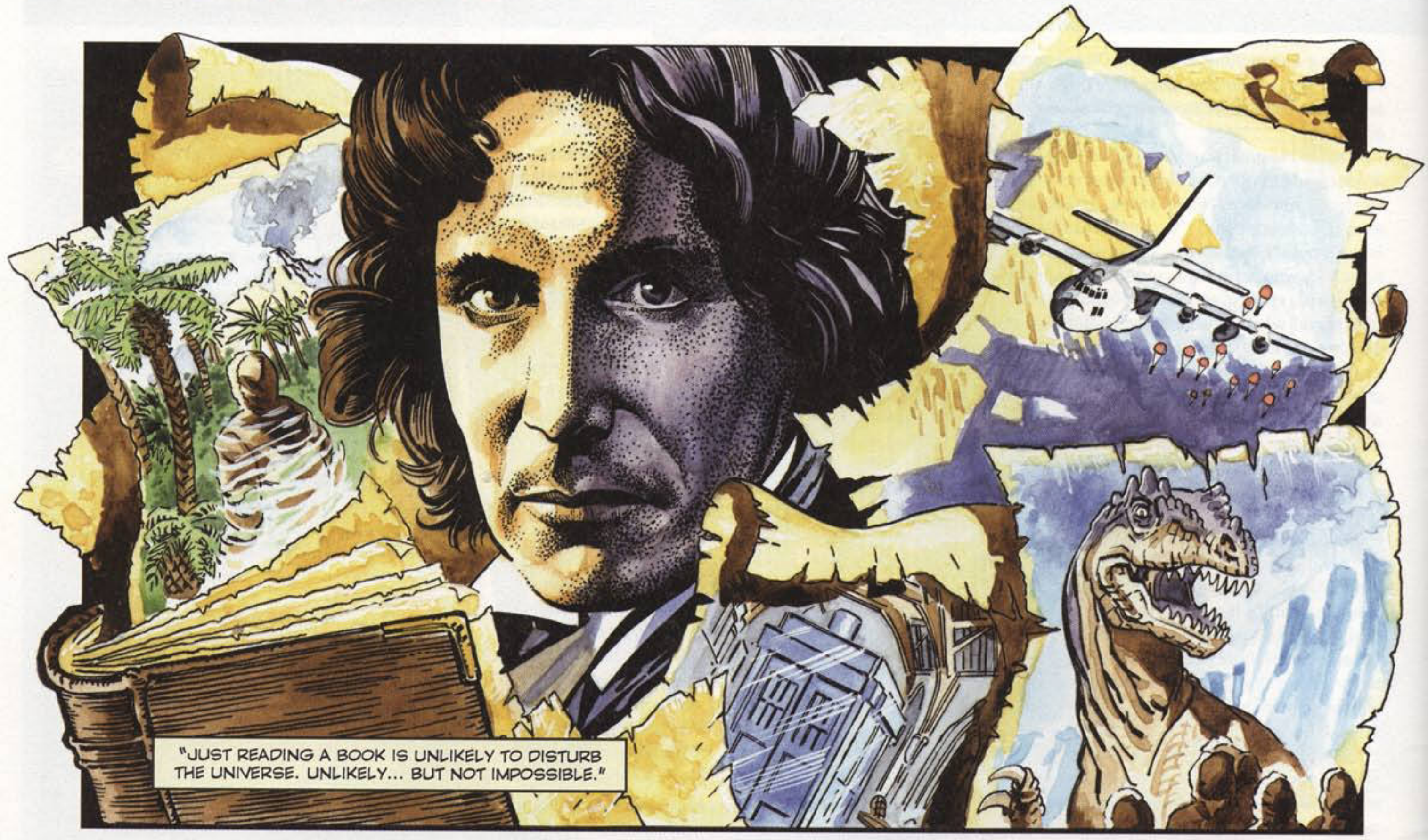
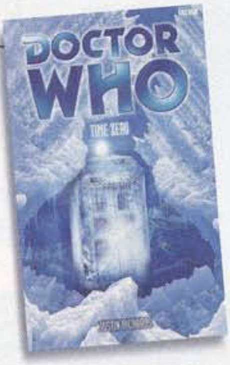

"JUST READING A BOOK IS UNLIKELY TO DISTURB THE UNIVERSE. UNLIKELY... BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE."

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID A ROACH

Time Zero

a novel by Justin Richards



Time Zero: the latest in an intermittent series of 'event' stories in *Doctor Who*, most obviously exemplified in the books with *Interference*, *The Ancestor Cell* and *The Burning*. So how long has BBC Books' creative consultant and sometime novelist Justin Richards been building up to this story? Since *Henrietta Street? The Burning?* Even earlier ...? "Elements of it have been in the back of my mind for a while," replies Richards, "in particular the major dilemma that the Doctor has to face towards the end of the book. But the first set of notes I have about what I wanted to explore is dated September 2001. One of the galvanising factors was that I got a couple of very good proposals that wanted to explore a type of story which doesn't fit comfortably into the 'standard' *Who* format, so here was an opportunity to provide a narrative reason for doing them. I'm conscious too that when there is a background story trundling along, you need to bring it to the fore every now and again, and remind people of what's going on."

> 'Time Zero will kick the books off in a new direction ...'

The Burning is a clear reference point – some of *Time Zero* shares that novel's period and setting. "I guess that I'm returning to my own particular ideas and notions of what *Doctor Who* actually is," says Richards. "So there's bound to be some affinity with *The Burning* simply because they're both written by the same person. But at the same time, every now again you have to sort of take stock and bring everything back to where you think it should be. I don't think it's a circle, but it may be a spiral – we've moved onward and upward, but we're still broadly going round the same themes and issues. Certainly *Time Zero* is a thematic companion piece for *The Burning*. That's not to say that I ever had it in mind as I was writing *The Burning*, or that *The Burning* necessarily needed *Time Zero*. But some elements merited further exploration, and I like the notion of the Doctor being an elemental force. We saw the fire at his heart in *The Burning* – most obviously in the conceit that the TARDIS, which is really an extension of the Doctor, is seen to be reconstructed from fire. Here we're in the ice: the Doctor has to adopt a cold, emotionless perspective if he is to save the day. There are still fiery elements, just as in *The Burning* he was icy and remote when it was required. I don't think these are things you can push too far, they're thematic undercurrents – giving the story an impetus and a strength and a depth without disturbing the surface-level narrative. The intention was to kick us off in a new direction, not to clear the decks in the way of, say, *The Ancestor Cell*. Though until the next few books were sorted out and written, it wasn't really clear how much of a departure *Time Zero* would herald. I think we've got it about right – but we'll see what the readers think."

The main setting for *Time Zero* is one which, for most if not all readers, will be as alien as the furthest reaches of space: freezing Siberia! "It needed to be somewhere cold," says Richards, "and my first thought was a base of some sort at one of the Poles, but that's a bit bleak and flat and boring, and it's been done before. Then I read a book by Colin Thubron called *In Siberia*, and became fascinated: here's this land mass that nobody really knows much about, where hardly anyone lives, and it's bigger than the USA and Europe lumped together! It also has the coldest inhabited place on Earth in it, and the deepest lake, which has 20% of the world's supply of fresh water, while the Taiga forests account for over half the world's softwood. Having said it hadn't been done before, I then

Published on 2 September
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Fitz and Anji
Enemies Essentially, it's Schrodinger's Cat ...
Setting 19th century Siberia, 20th and 21st century London
You'll like this if you like ... *The Tenth Planet*, *Event Horizon*, *Imperial Moon*, *Interference*, *The Burning*, Matthew Reilly's *Ice Station*, quantum physics
Watch out for Decisions, decisions ...

Time Zero author – and book boss – Justin Richards. © Gary Russell

received a proposal, that I hope we'll follow up, for a Russian 'epic' EDA set in Siberia. So when we get to that there should be some resonance and things we can pick up on – don't worry, we'll make it look like it was planned all along!"

Does this mark the first occasion, emergencies notwithstanding, that Richards has recommended commissioning himself to produce a novel? "Well, technically, I recommended *The Burning* for commission," corrects Richards, "but we all agreed that if I was clearing the decks, then I should write the first book. Just as I insisted Steve Cole, with help from Peter Anghelides, finished off what he had set in motion and brought that to narrative closure. "So why write another one himself now? "I love to write! I consider myself first and foremost a writer, and an editor secondly. Not that I haven't been writing other things in the meantime, of course. *The Time of the Daleks* for Big Finish, some TV stuff, a series of children's books starting next year from Simon and Schuster called *The Invisible Detective*. I love writing, and I especially like writing *Doctor Who* books. I make no apologies for that, so long as I have something to say and people enjoy reading what I produce."

Does being both writer and creative consultant on the same novel bring difficulties of its own? "I don't believe you can effectively edit your own work – at least, I know I can't. You can try to be dispassionate, but you always need another professional to go over it. So *Time Zero*, as it says at the front now in our nice internal redesign, was edited by Steve Cole – as were *The Burning* and *The Banquo Legacy*."

When last **DWM** spoke to Richards at length, he said that the proposal for *Time Zero* had developed into a rather larger structure than the average novel – over 50 lengthy chapters. The finished novel reflects this, consisting as it does of a lot of short, packed instalments. "*Time Zero* is a big story. A lot happens, across a wide area, and there's an awful lot of background that needs explaining. So, condensing it into 90,000 words was a challenge. But I like a challenge! And the story is one that works best by being kept moving – I wanted the pace to be really quick, and that meant cutting between various strands. I could have told the expedition story in its entirety first, then the story of the Institute, then the ending – a more 'traditional' approach if you like – and it would have worked, but it would have been a book with a very different tone and pace. Although, in fact, that's pretty much the order I wrote it in."

Having guided the novels for over two years, through a number of arcs and changes of direction, does Richards think he still has much to contribute to Doctor Who? "I'm not planning to move on just yet. But as ever with freelance work, it depends what else comes along that demands my time ... I don't have anything specific planned, but I don't think *Time Zero* will be my last Who fiction. After all, I haven't done a First or Third Doctor book yet! As for the Eighth Doctor, with a gap between novels now, it will be harder to maintain interest in an ongoing story of any great complexity, so there's some re-thinking going on. But we'll stick with things broadly as they are until November 2003. That looks like a good point to build things up to ready to kick off in another direction."

"That's the great thing about *Doctor Who* – you can reinvigorate and reinvent and get quite radical and yet it's still *Doctor Who*. For a writer – and a creative consultant – that's terrific. The non-format, now that we've lost the surrounding baggage and got back essentially to the enigmatic man who travels anywhere in time and space, is the best ever excuse to tell the best ever stories in the best ever way. The challenge is in living up to that ..."

David Darlington

Ghost Ship

a novella by **Keith Topping**

DOCTOR WHO
NOVELLAS
GHOST SHIP
KEITH TOPPING

"I've always wanted to write a *Doctor Who* ghost story," confesses Keith Topping. "It's a form that's been avoided, except for little sideways glances like *Day of the Daleks*, or stories that have the aesthetic but not your actual ghosts, like *Mind Robber* or *Warriors' Gate*. I wanted to write something like *The House on Haunted Hill* that was actually scary in itself. I'm aware that some sequences will obviously be compared to *The Shining*, but King's use of the 'bad place' ideas in that particular novel were hardly original, as I think he'd be the first to confess."

Having several novels under his belt already, how easy did Topping find it to adjust to the tighter constraints of the novella? "It's a very different skill," he agrees. "On paper, a novella just looks like either a long short-story or a short novel, but it's neither – it's a very hard format to write well because you've got a tell a story that engages the reader, but tell it in a very specific way. What I've found is that it allows you to tell smaller scale stories. The novella lends itself to heavy descriptive prose, to characterisation, to either a fast moving plot, or virtually no plot at all. I regarded *Ghost Ship* primarily as a 'mood piece' and I think that's the best way of approaching the novella. Establish the mood, and you're half-way there."

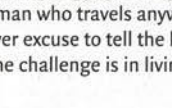
'I always wanted to write a *Doctor Who* ghost story'

Published by Telos on 22 August
Featuring The Fourth Doctor
Enemies Whatever's to be found in Cabin 672
Setting *The Queen Mary*, October 1963
You'll like this if you like ... *Enlightenment*, *Carnival of Monsters*, *Image of the Fendahl*, *Horror of Fang Rock*, *The Shining*
Watch out for A genuinely scared Fourth Doctor

Ghost Ship has had a lengthy gestation period. "I think I'm right in saying I was actually the first writer commissioned by Telos," says Topping. "I was never going to be the first release, I think they always had Kim in mind for that, the original idea was that mine would be second. Then they didn't want two Earth stories back to back, so Dave Stone's got bumped forward."

"Keith's was the first commission," confirms publisher David Howe. "He pitched it at the GallifreyOne convention last year, where we first announced we were doing the range. It was also completed before *Time and Relative* and *Citadel of Dreams*. We settled on the release order based on common sense and when we had the things ready. Kim's and Keith's are both first person and both set on Earth, so we didn't want them together."

Ghost Ship breaks a long-standing taboo of *Doctor Who* fiction – we are privy to the Doctor's thoughts for much of a first-person narrative. "The original Dalek novel, told in the first person by Ian, remains one of my favourite *Doctor Who* books ever," says Topping. "Plus, if anyone is suited to the first person narrative it's the Fourth Doctor. There was an aspect of wanting to do it to see if I could get away with it! I wanted a solo Doctor, because I thought a companion would get in the way in a story this compacted. I thought the Fourth suited the mood of the piece and I thought it unlikely that a similar novella would have been pitched by anyone else."



Thus far Telos have alternated between established *Doctor Who* novelists and authors new to the franchise. Is this an intentional, ongoing pattern? Not according to David Howe: "It's coincidence really, depends totally on who we have commissioned, which Doctors and environments they're writing for, and when they deliver! I suspect that next year things will shift about a bit more. At the moment it's looking like there might be about the same number of *Who* and non-*Who* authors next year, but this could change ..."

David Darlington

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For more information, please see our website at www.dominitemporal.co.uk

Gallifrey Guardian

More mutterings . . .

DWM has learned that the BBC's Director of Drama and Entertainment, Alan Yentob, referred to *Doctor Who* during a web chat for BBC staff at the end of July. In response to a query as to whether the BBC had given up on the sci-fi genre, Yentob replied: "There is a big sci-fi show in development at the moment. We're developing a co-production with the US Sci-Fi Channel and also, with a prominent writer, a feature film of *Doctor Who* – but who knows if it will happen. We get *Doctor Who* enthusiasts asking to give it another go, so I don't rule anything out, and sci-fi and other genres may happen. The early evening on Saturday needs an injection of something, I think, and there is scope for extending genres, thinking about fantasy and other things."

Though it doesn't tell us much we didn't already know, **DWM** is pleased that *Doctor Who* is still on the agenda at the BBC. More news as and when we get it.

Lovin' it!

BBC Books have confirmed two upcoming *Doctor Who* titles. Next May will see the release of Seventh Doctor novel *Loving the Alien*, penned by Mike Tucker and Robert Perry, while the release date of Paul Leonard's Eighth Doctor novel, *The Last Resort* (originally *The Final Design*), has been pushed back from May to June 2003.

Armed and legless

To hold in your hand a faithful scale model of Davros which utilised the latest advances in 'chip' technology, flashing lights and verbal commands would set you up amongst the gods! So fortunately, Product Enterprise will be issuing a Talking Davros in early 2003, although no price has yet been set. The company's Talking Cyberman – and new set of Daleks – have been delayed until September due to legal problems, although their Radio Controlled Dalek will still be ready in time for Christmas.

Battered Who

Can the Doctor prevent an evil from the stars from perverting the course of history? If you'd like to watch him try, then The Battered Suitcase Theatre Company are staging their third original *Doctor Who* play, *Warsmith*, from 6 November 2002 at the New Theatre Royal, Portsmouth. For more information visit *www.batteredsuitcase.co.uk*

Dressing the Doctor

Costume designer, June Hudson will talking about her career and her work on *Doctor Who* along with screenings of two of her shows, *The Horns of Nimon* and *The Leisure Hive* at The National Museum of Photography, Film & Television, Bradford on Sunday 11 August. The event costs £5.00 for one screening or £7.90 for both.Telephone bookings can be made on 0274 20 20 30.

BOOKS UPDATE MCCOY SCRIPT EDITOR TO PEN NOVELLA

New Novellas

"A spooky mansion? Oh my giddy aunt!" © BBC

Telos Publishing has announced that the fifth in its series of original *Doctor Who* Novellas, to be published on 23 November 2002, will be written by ex-*Doctor Who* script editor Andrew Cartmel.

The book, entitled *Foreign Devils*, promises to be something of a departure for Cartmel, who worked on *Doctor Who* throughout McCoy's tenure, as it features a team from long before his own era on the show – the Second Doctor, Jamie and Zoe. The story sees them investigating a series of mysterious deaths at a secluded mansion in Victorian England.

Says publisher David J Howe: "Andrew suggested using, as a character in the novella, Carnacki, a psychic investigator created by writer William Hope Hodgson back in 1909. We looked into the rights situation and found that Hodgson's work is now out of copyright, so Andrew has been able to incorporate the character into the *Doctor Who* universe – and we think he's done so to great effect." The frontispiece for the book will be provided by Mike Collins, who illustrated Cartmel's *Doctor Who* comic strip, *The Good Soldier*, in **DWM** 175-178.

Telos are currently finalising *Doctor Who* titles for next year, but among the authors already under contract are fantasy novelist Louise Cooper, and acclaimed horror novelist Mark Chadbourn. Howe has also revealed that plans are afoot to release as many as nine Novellas next year in celebration of *Doctor Who*'s 40th anniversary. "Interest in the Novellas is very high," he explains, "and we have had a large number of excellent submissions that we want to see published. We want to celebrate the anniversary in style."

Convention news

PanoptiCon's Silver Anniversary event, for the weekend of 7 - 8 September at the Meridien Palace Hotel in Manchester, is continuing to draw guests by the score.

Joining all four of the surviving BBC TV Doctors (subject to commitments) will be Carole Ann Ford, William Russell, Frazer Hines, Deborah Watling and Elisabeth Sladen amongst others. It is also hoped that, in her first convention appearance since 1993, Janet Fielding will be in attendance. Invited guest stars include Julian Glover, Angus Lennie, Ian Cullen, Stewart Bevan, Brian Blessed and Kate O'Mara. BBC Worldwide, Big Finish, the Restoration Team and the **DWM** gang will also be along for the ride.

For more information about the event, contact Event Coordinator Andrew Beech at PO Box 7831, London, SW15 6YD or by phone on 020 8785 6179.There will be places available 'on the door', but due to the expected demand, attendees are encouraged to pre-register before the event.

DVD LATEST BBC WORLDWIDE'S LATEX FETISH! • *AIRZONE* RE-RELEASED

Rubber of the Daleks!

The forthcoming DVD release of *Resurrection of the Daleks* will come 'clad in a Dalek-inspired black-embossed rubber case', the BBC has announced.

The case design is being kept closely under wraps, but a BBC Worldwide spokeperson has assured **DWM** that the standard DVD keepcase and cover will still be found lurking under the latex. The DVD is released on 25 November.

BBC Worldwide have also confirmed that last month's *Carnival of Monsters* release entered the official UK DVD charts at a very respectable Number 26, the second highest position for a new release for the week commencing 15 July.

The Aztecs (cover shown right) is still set for release on October 7 in all its VidFIREd glory.

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE AZTECS

Meanwhile, independent producers BBV have announced that *Doctor Who* spin-off *The Airzone Solution* is to be released on DVD before the end of the year, with a planned retail price of £14.99. In addition to the original 1993 environmental thriller, which stars Colin Baker, Sylvester McCoy, Peter Davison, Jon Pertwee and Nicola Bryant, *The Airzone Solution* DVD will contain previously unseen footage, music tracks, a trailer, outtakes, interviews, and a commentary from director Bill Baggs and writer Nick Briggs. It is hoped that this will be the first in a series of BBV DVD releases.

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Sylvester at the Bar Sylvester McCoy has succeeded Colin Baker in representing the legal profession in *Hollyoaks*. He recently played a barrister opposite *Timelash*'s Paul Darrow as a judge.

Continued Corpsing Colin Baker and **Louise Jameson**'s tour of Gerald Moon's *Corpse!* enters in September with visits to the Regent Theatre, Ipswich, Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, Key Theatre, Peterborough and Civic Theatre, Darlington. Over Christmas Colin will play Sarah the Cook in the Wyvern Theatre, Swindon's production of *Dick Whittington*. **Nicola Bryant** has recently been out of action having injured herself on stage. Louise Jameson joins **Deborah Watling** for *Night Stars*, a charity show on behalf of the NSPCC and Children in Need at The Playhouse, Weston-Super-Mare on 25 August.

Bonnie's Ultimate Pan Bonnie **Langford**, who has recently recorded a guest spot on *The All New Harry Hill Show*, will once again star as Peter Pan over Christmas at the Richmond Theatre.

Who Triple Bill Richard Brinsley Sheridan's *The Rivals* is at the Theatre Royal, Windsor from 6 - 17 August starring **Jean Marsh** as Mrs Malaprop, **Michael Jayston** as Sir Anthony Absolute and **Kate O'Mara** as Lucy.

Rona Enters Rehab It was a case of Survival for **Rona Munro** while researching her latest television writing project, *Rehab*, which recently commenced shooting for BBC2. Munro spent five weeks living in a rehab centre to familiarise herself with the struggles of drug addicts to stay clean.

Obituary **Carey Blyton**, probably most famous for writing the song *Bananas in Pyjamas*, who also scored *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, *Death to the Daleks* and *Revenge of the Cybermen*, died of cancer on 13 July at the age of 70. Star of radio and screen **Maurice Denham** died at a nursing home in Northwood on 24 July. He made over 100 television and film appearances, including *The Day of the Jackal* and *84 Charing Cross Road*, but *Doctor Who* fans will best remember him for his appearance as Azmael in *The Twin Dilemma*; he also played the President in BBC Radio drama *The Paradise of Death*. He was 92. **Gerald Campion**, famous as TV's *Billy Bunter*, and who played Wilkin the College Porter in the unfinished *Shada*, died on 9 July aged 81.

Timelines

compiled by Clayton Hickman
Send your letters to Timelines, DWM, Panini House,
Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ
or e-mail us at dwm@panini.co.uk (marked 'Timelines' in the subject line)

We also heard from

Chris Williams (who would like to see some merchandise-inspired *Doctor Who* serials, such as *Dapol of the Daleks* and *Roll-a-mattack of the Cybermen* – someone help him!); **Andrew Spokes** ("The keyboard parts in Sophie Ellis Bextor's *Get Over You* are clearly inspired by Malcolm Clarke's *The Sea Devils* score. Given her mother's history, I find this rather suspicious"); **Eve Channon** ("When will Gareth Gates do a Big Finish audio drama?" – when Will Young writes one); **Rose Muir** ("Stop teasing Erato! You should look so pretty!"); **David E Wiggins** ("Why did the 'Free For Use Of Public' panel on the TARDIS door change from the original dark blue lettering on a white background to white lettering on a dark blue background sometime during the first Troughton season?" – Pixleeeeeeey ...?); **Aubrey Ballard** (who thinks that pig-faced Jade from *Big Brother 3* should be the new *Doctor Who* companion); **Nick Mellish** ("I felt like I was trapped in a scene from *Invasion Of The Dinosaurs*"); **Owen Williams** ("Why did the guy who came up with the writers/crisps connection [*Timelines*, 319] get consigned to *We also heard from ...*, while the guy who decided that *Doctor Who* is a bit like a quiz show got six pages and the cover of **DWM** 318 ? No, really!" – fine, an in-depth analysis of potato-based products in *Doctor Who* will appear in a future issue. Happy now?); **Ian Hooper** ("Will you print any old rubbish in the *We also heard from ...* section?" – apparently so); and many more ...

Lookee Likey

Smith

Pletrac

Huw Turbervill writes: "Has anyone else spotted the resemblance between *Carnival of Monsters*' Pletrac and Tory Party leader Iain Duncan Smith (from the 'Party of Monsters')? I'm sure you will agree that the similarity is spooky. Are they by any chance related?"

Snap unhappy

You guys know better than anyone that archival photos of *Doctor Who* are scarce – but what I don't understand is *why*. Granted, back then, unlike today, publicity was not the most important part of the entertainment business – but they must have had one or two photo calls. I'm thinking mainly of the first four eras of the show ...

I can think of only a few Tom Baker promotional stills. And as for his predecessors ... Hartnell bends by TARDIS door; Troughton sits with diary; Pertwee confronts Sea Devil. And the companions fare much worse – Leela posing in the Tesh set or in 'black face'. Erm ...

And Sarah Jane! Poor Lis Sladen! The only shots ever used of her are, well ... just that one of her looking very cross, or bored, or ill while shooting at Sutekh's missile. We've all seen it! The woman was on the show for *three years*! Shouldn't the BBC have rolls and rolls of characters from their own television shows? I am sick of grainy candids!

SCOTT ADSIT
VIA E-MAIL

You're not wrong there, Scott, but **DWM** *does strive to print as many rare pictures as we can get our mitts on – as our Third Doctor Special will attest. But have a rare picture of Carole Ann Ford to be going on with!*

Turner tribute

I want to congratulate you on a superb tribute to John Nathan-Turner [**DWM** 319]. The man deserves all credit for the work he did, and you've done him proud – it is great to see fans finally acknowledge his efforts and drive. It was also a history lesson back to the 'good old 1980s', when fandom considered itself bigger than the source. I read with mounting horror about how various fans over the years had taken time out to knock the man, often in such stupid and unthinking ways. Then, I read the part about a local group organiser who'd written a particularly naïve letter about not being invited to location shooting in his area. And I realised that that had been me. As an adult, it's quite an eye-opener to be confronted with actions you made as an immature 15-year-old. All I can say, and it's far too late, is 'JN-T, I'm sorry.'

PAUL GIBBS
VIA E-MAIL

I'd just like to say thanks for the JN-T tribute issue. I've had mixed feelings about the gentleman for many years, agreeing with things that he's done, objecting to others – but I never said anything, because we're never all going to agree on what is good and bad. And it wasn't my place – I watched, they made. That was their job, and it was really none of my business.

Just seeing the covers of *DWB*, however, brought back all of the bitchiness of those years. What spoilt brats that minority of people were. I remember how ashamed I was at being a fan, albeit only of 16 years old. I now have two children of 5 years and 8 years. They are not avid fans, but they do enjoy sharing the odd *Doctor Who* story with me. (My son even sat behind the sofa the other day – watching *The Seeds of Doom*!) They have seen all the Doctors and love each one for totally different reasons. Give them a choice and they're as likely to choose a McCoy or Colin Baker story as they are a Pertwee or Tom Baker. They find them all exciting and tense – like I did at their age. *Doctor Who* was a kids' show, and many people lost sight of that, which is sad. We were lucky to have a series then, no matter who it was made by and who was in it.

Today, I consider myself lucky – I can watch old stories, listen to superb new *Who* on CD, indulge in a monthly dose of new thoughts in **DWM**, and follow the Eighth – and present – Doctor in his print adventures. Great eh? Thanks JN-T.

JACK FOX
VIA E-MAIL

Sadly, as time passes, more people who were directly involved with *Doctor Who* will die, so your work with the magazine becomes more and more important. Keep it up! Oh, and my mother still can't understand 'how they keep finding things to say about *Doctor Who*'!

GILLIAN MOORE
VIA E-MAIL

Time for praise?

For the first time since *Survival*, we have a story that was actually broadcast in episodes – that we *had* to wait for. Once again, we were back to counting the days to see how the cliffhanger would be resolved!

Death Comes to Time was so fresh and vivacious in its style that I honestly didn't know what would come next. Would the Doctor kill the Minister? Who was Antimony? Was Ace going to become a Lord of Time? For once, it genuinely seemed that the villain might win – and the conclusion genuinely did bring a lump to my throat.

In short, I adored *Death Comes to Time* and am very disappointed that the same team aren't making the new webcast. *Death* was ground-breaking, beautifully written and performed, and one of the best *Doctor Who* stories I have ever experienced. I can't wait for the CD release!

MARTIN EDMONDS
VIA E-MAIL

I loved *Death Comes to Time* – for the most part. For one thing, it wasn't afraid to tackle big questions pertaining to metaphysics, metaethics and theology; and even when what it offered was somewhat half-baked, *Death* managed to leave just enough space for the provocation of thought. The webcast was full of just the sort of actors most fans have always wanted to be in *Doctor Who* – and each rose to the opportunity provided by set pieces both gripping and moving. Sylvester McCoy gave far and away his best performance as the Doctor. The whole thing was well-directed and produced, especially in respect of the very erudite selection of music by the likes of Wagner and Bruckner. All this in the service of *Doctor Who*. And on the BBC too!

Except that the ending changed everything. I can't stand it! In his review in **DWM** 319, Dave Owen notes how odd it is to set up such an intriguing new background mythology and motivation for the central character only to throw it all away – but that's only the half of it. The real problem is that it appears that these radical elements are put in place to provide a rationale for the Doctor's redundancy. All of a sudden, the Doctor is a god, and then – 'Oh look!' (as Tannis would say) – there's no place for gods in this world. 'We can't walk amongst them. We never really could', says our hero, calling the entire concept into question. And then off he goes, into oblivion. The unfairness is compounded by the fact that a promising solution to the problem of evil had already been suggested by Casmus, and by the fact that he's been training Ace to be a god.

Owen is quite right to point out that this felt like a pilot for a series other than *Doctor Who*. Everything about the ending made it feel like it was paving the way for *Ace the Dalek Slayer!* One could surely be forgiven for concluding, just on such grounds as are supplied by the production itself, that what was so good and so positive about *Death Comes to Time* was not fully in the service of *Doctor Who* after all. I'm very sorry to say that, without the benefit of knowing what the writer had planned for the future, and in advance of the efforts of apologists of various denominations, that the ending felt – to me, at any rate – like a slap in the face.

PAUL DAWSON
VIA E-MAIL

Cliffhangaaaarghh!

I listened to *Neverland* at the weekend and I have to say I thought it was an absolutely perfect piece of audio drama. I wasn't sure *Doctor Who* could work in 70-minute episodes, but it did – the extended length meant I didn't lose the thread between instalments and the story never flagged for one moment.

The cast were brilliant – especially India Fisher. I felt a lump in my throat when Charley offered to lay down her life. And Don Warrington was perfect! His voice had just the right blend of wisdom and benevolence. My only problem is with the ending – how can they taunt us with that cliffhanger? And it won't be resolved until November 2003! Is there *any* chance of finding out what happens sooner?

MIKE LORD
VIA E-MAIL

We asked Alan Barnes, but he just ran off into the fog, cackling and swishing his cape. As usual.

Tragedy!

I have a *Doctor Who* fanatic friend called Toni. This isn't that important in itself, I grant you, but I believe everyone should have one. He's very good-looking, dark and brooding, with an intense dislike of the Peter Davison era – we bicker a lot about that. He doesn't read *Doctor Who* novels, he doesn't listen to the Big Finish audios, and as for the webcast *Death Comes to Time*, well he can't be bothered with that piffle (I think we may agree on that one). Toni only wants to watch or listen to what he calls 'real' *Doctor Who* – TV episodes from 1963 to 1996. He's a bit peculiar like that.

Toni still thinks that Paul McGann only ever appeared in one story! Pah! He stupidly thinks that Dodo got on with her life (he'll never know that she was destined for a painful and lonely death)! I for one think this is tragic! Try as I might – and believe me I've tried ('Listen to the opening of *Chimes of Midnight* and see if that doesn't entice you!') – he just won't succumb. Toni is sticking to his guns. He calls the new audio adventures 'a disgrace', the novels 'tantamount to heresy', and the webcast 'a diabolical piece of ridiculous fan rubbish' ... Oh hang on – that was me! But you get the idea.

And why am I telling you this? When asked 'what's your favourite television programme of all time?', Toni raises his head high, pulls back his shoulders and resolutely declares: '*Doctor Who* of course!' With a giddy look on his face! We're a funny old bunch, ain't we?

STEVEN TALBOT
STAFFORDSHIRE

Poor old Dodo: Nobody tell Toni what happens to her, eh? © BBC

Feelin' good

Rumours about the return of *Doctor Who* to TV continue to circulate, but given the changes that have taken place in broadcast media over the past decade, and the changes that have taken place in the format of *Doctor Who* over the same period, I think we should see new TV *Who*, if it happens, as a bonus, rather than the return of the 'original' show, which dismisses its novel and audio counterparts as mere surrogates or impostors. Since 1989, the programme has followed the example set by its central character and regenerated into new forms; in this, the programme is exemplifying developments in the nature of broadcast media – a personality or product no longer belongs to one genre or medium but instead exists across a range of media forms. On this basis, the Doctor is doing very well, enjoying existences in novels, audios, webcasts and **DWM**'s comic strip.

However, there is often the perception within fandom that these adventures are not 'real' *Who*, but simply the best that we can hope for in the absence of the programme. This view, I think, puts nostalgia before imagination. Only to accept a TV series as genuine *Who* is like saying that a person can only have a genuine life if they remain in the town where they were born. It also overlooks the fact that the novel and the audio play are self-sufficient and vibrant forms of drama. We have every reason to feel good about the current state of *Who*.

CLIVE CAZEAUX
CARDIFF

Pay attention, 007

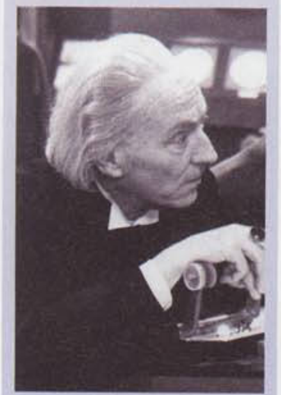
The Watcher has always struck me as rather a cultured soul, so I was rather surprised to see him speculate as to the provenance of the 'desperate' title of the new James Bond film, *Die Another Day*, in **DWM** 319. The title is derived from the work of the poet A E Housman, whose signature collection, *A Shropshire Lad* (1896), contains the verse 'LVI. Far I Hear The Bugle Blow – The Day of Battle', which itself contains a discussion of whether dying in battle is a worthwhile thing to do. At the suggestion that it might be better to run away, the poem points out that someone who 'runs away / Lives to die another day.'

The appropriation of Housman's ambivalent sentiments suggests that the producers are keen to explore areas of ambiguity within the Bond character, and to question his motivations. This, for my money, makes it a better title than *Planet of the Daleks*, although whether it's a better title than the magnificently lurid *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* I really couldn't say.

JIM SMITH, AUTHOR *THE BOND FILMS*
VIA E-MAIL

NEXT ISSUE

Who's he?



He's always been a friend of mine – and yours too, no doubt – but who on Earth is Doctor Who? Time's champion? Cosmic hobo? Any old bugger with an Equity card? In the first of a new series, Gareth Roberts exposes the man behind the myth ...

Six bomb

Have you ever bitten Nicola Bryant's bum? Colin Baker has! Could you ignore her considerable assets for an entire season? Colin Baker did! Can you imagine Pat Troughton in swimming trunks? Colin Baker can! Are we just sex obsessed? Find out in the next part of our revealing interview!

Wills power

Polly actress Anneke Wills calls William Hartnell a "miserable old bugger" in an exclusive interview! Who else will she slag off? Can you *smell* the controversy? Ooh – how exciting!

Team work

They're back – and it's about Time! And a Team! Need we say more? (Probably, but we shant!)

Plus

Things turn nasty in the final part of *Uroboros*! *The Moonbase* orbits our *Archive*! The Watcher returns! And one or two other bits and bobs!

DWM 322
on sale
19 September at
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and all good
newsagents

"I don't like feeling unimportant. Is that pathetic of me?"

WHATEVER'S HAPPENED TO COLIN BAKER? BIG FINISH SUPERSTAR? ONLINE DOCTOR WHO? DWM POLL WINNER? SHOME MISHTAKE SHURELY? IN THE FIRST OF A REVEALING THREE-PART INTERVIEW, THE MAN BEHIND THE SIXTH DOCTOR TELLS BENJAMIN COOK THAT HE KNEW HIS DAY WOULD COME...

Heard the joke about *Doctor Who*? Colin Baker! Ha-bloody-ha.

Talk about bad things happening to good people. Think Colin Baker, think *The Twin Dilemma*, think *Timelash*, think *Slipback*, think 18-month hiatus, think ill-judged charity record, think stomach-churning attire, think wasted opportunities, think carrot juice, carrot juice, carrot juice ...

This month, however, fandom's favourite punchline is recreating the Sixth Doctor for BBCi in an online adventure, 'webcasting' all over the world. Think about it. Colin Baker, playing TV's Doctor Who™, back at the BBC almost 16 years after they unceremoniously sacked him from the show. The same Colin Baker who last month topped the 'Best Actor' category in our readers' survey, and who is enjoying increasing acclaim for his Big Finish *Doctor Who* audio exploits. Who'd have thought it? As the Sixth Doctor experiences something of a renaissance, Colin Baker may just have the last laugh ...

"It is gratifying to know," he says diplomatically, "that the Sixth Doctor is still alive and well, and in safe hands. The fans' support is always satisfying." How smug must he feel? "Heh, heh! Not at all." Not even a teensy bit smug? "I've been given a chance to tackle scripts of a higher standard. I'm taking full advantage of that. I think it would be indelicate of me to admit to any smugness, after years of being a sixth or seventh favourite Doctor." Doesn't he feel like sticking two fingers up at his critics? "Nope." Hmm ...

When I corner Colin over breakfast in Canterbury, he is nearing the end of a national tour of Terence Rattigan's wartime stage drama *Flare Path*. How is he enjoying life on the open road? "I'm not sure 'enjoy' is the word," he smiles, stabbing a sausage. "I don't not enjoy touring, but nor do I go, 'Oh goodie!' I've been at it for 30 years, so I just get on with it. I miss my family, but I've been based at home for over half of this tour." A long drive home after an evening performance must be a bit of a drag? "I usually get home by about midnight. The killer is leaving home the next day to drive back, which plays havoc with your body clock. I've discovered the joys of Red Bull on this tour! I have cans of the stuff in my dressing room fridge right now."

Isn't he fed up of performing the same play night after night? "Part of my job is delivering the same performance," insists Colin, attacking an egg, "but there are tiny nuances of difference. Your fellow actors rarely put in exactly the same performance. And the audience is different – that intensity of mass that you're pretending isn't there – so the play seems fresh every night." Over the last decade, Colin has worked mainly in the theatre, so he hankers after more work in front of the camera "so that I can spend more time with my family before legging it off elsewhere to earn another fiver, which is the imperative as soon as you have children. You are talking to an actor in the fourth decade of his career, which is bound to be slightly different to if you were talking to me 20 years ago, when I'd have been sitting here very excited about the whole process ..."

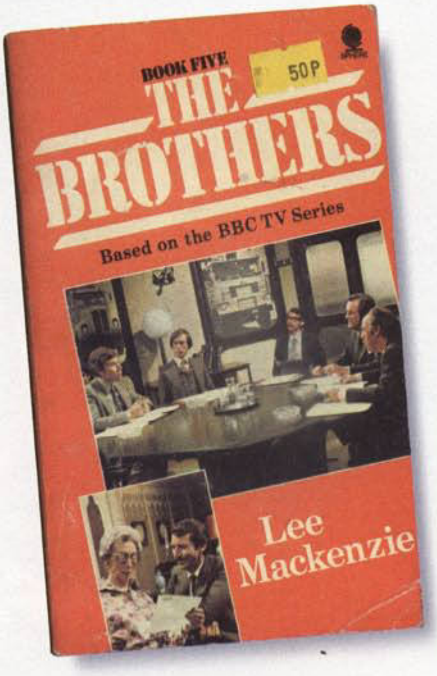
> 'Even though the fans were not entirely vociferous in their adoration of me, I always knew that they were wrong ...'

Colin in *That Bloke Who's The Guard In The Background* © BBC

I wonder if Colin considers himself underrated as an actor. "Well that would be dangerous, wouldn't it? I prefer it when other people tell me that I'm underrated, so that I can smile and look humble! Isn't it about knowing what you are? I think some people *overrate* me. I was never worried about playing Doctor Who, funnily enough, and yet other much smaller parts have worried me sick. I instantly felt right as Doctor Who. And even though fandom was not always vociferous in its adoration of me, I always knew that they were wrong. I can think of dozens of other roles that I've played over the years where I'd probably have buckled under that degree of criticism. I'm not a confident person, although I might come across a bit like one, but I never doubted my ability to play Doctor Who."

Half an hour later, we're seated in Colin's dressing room at Canterbury's Marlowe Theatre, drinking Red Bull and discussing his childhood. He was born on 8 June 1943 at the Royal Waterloo Lying-In Hospital – "on the top floor, during an air raid!" – and spent his early years living in London with his mother, while his father served in the armed forces. "If you think of an efficient primary school teacher – bossy but kind – that was sort of what my mother was like. A controlling woman." Colin narrowly avoided an early death during the wartime blitz when a piece of flying shrapnel scarcely missed him, embedding itself in the side of his cot. "I don't remember it at all, of course, but I still have the shrapnel – it missed my head by six inches. The house opposite caught a direct hit."

'The viewing public hated Merroney, but they couldn't fault him. He was an ascetic villain. The people that he dealt with were morons!'



How did he take to his father when he returned from fighting? "I have been told that I wasn't over-friendly," Colin muses, "towards this bloke who was suddenly sleeping in my mother's bed. I would glare at him from my cot in a sort of baleful way. His coming home on leave, which he had done a couple of times, had been traumatic for me. Who's to say what I lost in terms of bonding during those first two years? You'd have to ask a psychiatrist."

After the war, his father took a job as managing director of an asbestos company in Manchester, so the family moved north to live in Rochdale. "I don't remember my childhood as particularly traumatic, but ..." His voice tales off. "I had a brother, who was six years older than me, and six years is a huge gap when you're four or five – no contest, really, in terms of interaction. And we weren't a very sociable family – I didn't have friends round or anything like that. I remember having a birthday party when I was eight, but that must have been an exception."

Wasn't growing up in the 1950s a bit, well ... dull? "Only in retrospect," he notes, "when you have and know what we have and know now. I remember biking with my brother to Blackpool for the day. We did that a few times. And we played cricket – I was the English team, and my brother was the Austrian team. We didn't miss the telly, because we didn't know that there was such a thing." What was Colin like as a child? "I was a shy boy. I always worked, but I didn't push myself forward too much. I was self-conscious. I wore glasses. I was perceived to be a bit of swot, but I was also quite cocky – if someone said, 'What you looking at?', I'd answer back, which got me in trouble."

Colin's first foray into acting was "a nativity play at my first school, St John's in Rochdale, and later I went to St Bede's College in Manchester, a grammar school, where I was put into the chorus for a production of *Yeoman of the Guard*. My mates had all decided that they wanted to be in the school play, so I thought, 'Yeah, why not?' And I ended up enjoying myself, which surprised me ..." A year later, Colin landed a bigger part – the female lead, Phyllis – in *Iolanthe*, which "seemed perfectly acceptable, as it was an all-boys school. You had to have blokes playing the girl parts." A review in the school magazine said 'Colin Baker threw himself with verve into the part of Phyllis and rarely strayed more than half an octave from the note' – "and at the time, I thought that was a good review!

"When I was saying other people's lines," he enthuses, "I no longer felt self-conscious or shy. I enjoyed making people laugh. I liked the buzz. The following year, I played Rose Maybud in *Ruddigore*, and two years later, when my voice had broken, I took a minor role in *The Mikado*." A Gilbert and Sullivan every year, then? "Afraid so. I suppose I was driven in some ways, but I didn't see myself that way. Chance has played a much bigger part in my life than any kind of drive on my part."

Colin made his professional acting debut at the tender age of twelve – but "I never count that," he grins, "because it implies that I was a child actor, which I wasn't. The mother of one of the boys at St Bede's was a casting director at Granada Television, where they were doing a series called *My Wife's Sister*, a comedy based loosely on *I Love Lucy*. Eleanor Summerfield was a Lucille Ball-type character. This was a Christmas episode in which she'd met this French guy, who had a little moustache, and she had a dream that she is married to him and has three children of varying sizes. I was the biggest. And you saw us with our backs to the camera, decorating a Christmas tree, and we turn around and we all have moustaches! And I look at her and say, '*Jolie Noel, Mama!*' I got the role because I was top in my class in French that year."

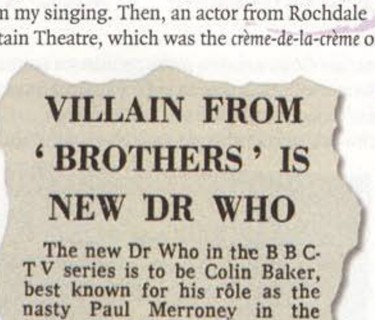
School plays? TV specials? Not a bad CV for a twelve-year-old ... "But funnily enough, I can't say that it made me think, 'Ooh – I want to do television!' I enjoyed acting thoroughly, but it didn't occur to me that I could carry on doing it. We were never educated to think that 'anything is possible'.

I was brought up at the tail end of a time when the cards that you were dealt were yours for life. The idea of being an actor seemed silly, frankly."

After completing his schooling, Colin went on to study law. "I suggested to my father that I wanted to go to university, maybe to study Modern Languages. He listened to me and said: 'You start in the solicitor's office on Monday!' I was 18 years old. Imagine saying that to an 18-year-old now! They'd raise a finger – but I did as I was told. I was used to doing what my father told me. He was a man that you didn't argue with. He'd left home at 14, started as an office boy, and ended up managing director of his company. His perception of the undergraduates and graduates that he'd met was that they were shirkers, and that university was a waste of time, so I was put into a suit, which was bought for me, and worked at Fox, Brooks & Marshall solicitors for the next five years." That must have been tough? "I was just disappointed. I wasn't used to the idea of autonomy.

"If I do have a chip of any kind on my shoulder," Colin explains, "it's education. I would love to have gone to university. I expect I would have matured a lot earlier. I look back and see that I was young for my years. I was still living at home." And for five years, Colin did the job of a trainee solicitor – "except I wasn't paid. In fact, a year or so earlier, I'd have had to pay *them*, but this was the 'new deal', which allowed me to work for nothing. 'Oh great! For nothing!' Seems silly now, doesn't it?"

Around this time, Colin and his mother ("a great lover of theatre") went to see an amateur production of *The King and I* at the Palace Theatre, Manchester: "During the interval, I said to my mother, 'I'd love to have a go at that!' And the man sitting in front of me said: 'I heard that, young man! I'm the president of this society. I've been a member for 30 years. You turn up next Friday night at the Simpson Memorial Hall, I'll audition you, son! Only a formality, mind. We'd be grateful to have young lads like you.' So, I turned up with my mate, Adrian, and I was soon a member of the North Manchester Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society. My first production was *South Pacific*, but I quickly turned to the acting side of things to spare them my singing. Then, an actor from Rochdale Curtain Theatre, which was the *crème-de-la-crème* of local amateur groups, invited me to join his society. And my life was transformed."



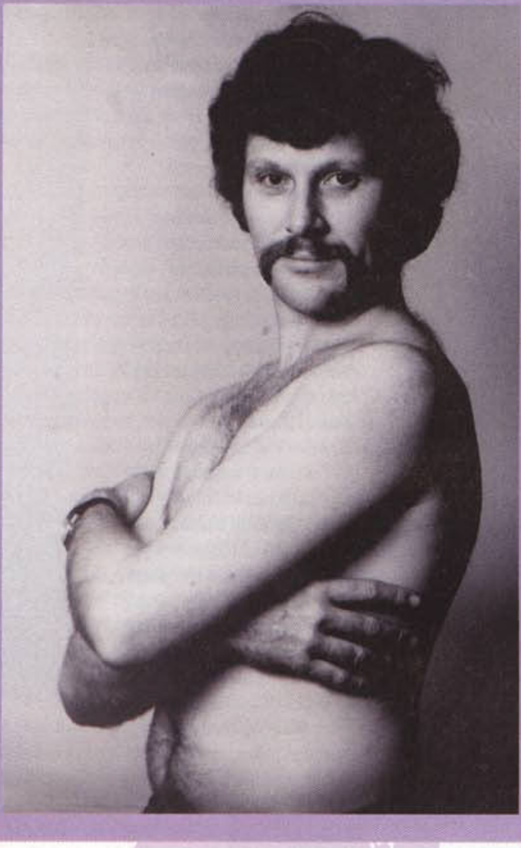
VILLAIN FROM 'BROTHERS' IS NEW DR WHO

The new Dr Who in the B B C-T V series is to be Colin Baker, best known for his rôle as the nasty Paul Merroney in the series "The Brothers."

The 40-year-old actor, husband of actress Marion Wyatt, and formerly married to Liza Goddard, is the sixth Doctor, following William Hartnell, Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker and Peter Davison.

Not surprisingly, Colin became less and less interested in his career as a solicitor – "I spent every spare moment at the local amateur dramatics societies!" – but then, in his fourth year of training, his father "suffered a heart attack and a stroke, which rather put things into perspective for me. He had been such a domineering figure in my life, but now he wasn't even able to get about by himself. He'd worked hard all his life, but he was practically finished at the age of 50, which made me think: 'If the same happens to me, I want to have lived my life.'" Colin soon moved down to London with his mother. "The idea was that, after we'd settled, I'd transfer to an office in London and cram for my exams, but I didn't do either ..."

Torso or Bust?



"Where the hell did you get that from!?" I am showing Colin Baker a 1976 publicity photograph of himself, found lurking at the bottom of a filing cabinet at Panini Towers – filed under 'SIX PACK, LACK OF'. "That was taken at my flat in Swiss Cottage," he cringes, "but I didn't realise that he'd snapped my stomach. I became mates with these two photographers, you see, and one of them persuaded me to have a load of pictures done. And at the end of it, he said to me, 'Go on – take your shirt off!' And I was stupid enough – or arrogant enough – to do it, not realising that it wasn't exactly a six-pack!" Wouldn't it be embarrassing if we printed such a picture in **DWM**? "Yes, it would!" Look at that face fluff! "Oh, I know!" Whatever possessed you? "We thought it looked cool! It was in the days of Peter Wyngarde and *Department S*. We all thought that moustaches and floral shirts looked great." And didn't you think to take your watch off? "I hadn't intended to take my *shirt* off! There you are – I'm afraid I did it. I can't deny it."

At the age of 22, still living at home, Colin plucked up the courage to apply to drama school. "Nobody ever encouraged me. I said: 'Do you think I should do it?' And they all went: 'Nah! Dodgy profession, mate.' That's why I get a little impatient when people say to me: 'I'm desperate to be an actor. What should I do?' I never asked anybody that. I wanted to do it, so I pestered and badgered. I was quite driven – for once. I'd found something that I could do, so I auditioned for RADA, which was the only drama school that I'd heard of. And having just seen Paul Schofield in *Timon of Athens*, which I thought was wonderful, at Stratford-upon-Avon, I decided that my audition piece would be in the style of Paul Schofield." He coughs purposefully: "Erm – I didn't get into RADA!"

Never one to give up, Colin made some enquiries about other drama schools. He applied to six of them the following year. "And I had some proper training. I applied to RADA again, and they remembered me: 'You're the one who did Paul Schofield last year, aren't you? It was very good,' they said, 'but we couldn't tell what *you* were like. We went for people who were themselves.'" He smirks: "They accepted me that year, but I turned them down and went to LAMDA instead, having already done five years' law training." What was his mother's opinion of his revised career path? "I always felt that she was perfectly happy about it, but she had a lot on her mind at the time. She was distracted looking after my father."

What did Colin make of his fellow LAMDA students? "There was a bit of a class divide. I hate the word 'class' – but this was at a time when being middle class was unacceptable. Working class accents were good, and so were regional, but my parents came from London, so at home we spoke with London accents even though I was brought up in Manchester. At school, I had spoken in a Northern accent, which was another reason for never inviting my mates home. I couldn't speak! Either my parents would clout me for speaking with a Northern accent, or my mates would take the piss for talking with what they considered to be a posh accent. I suppose that was a key into the process of acting – pretending to be someone else." And did Colin enjoy drama school? "I wish, in hindsight, that I'd done one year and left, but I didn't think that I was allowed to do that. I still thought that the cards that you were dealt ..."

At the end of his three years, Colin was summoned – along with two of his fellow students – to see the principal, who gave them gloomy predictions for their future prospects: "'You're obviously sincere,' he said to me, 'about wanting to be in the profession, and you've worked very hard, but I

think you should consider an alternative career – perhaps administration or management – in the theatre.' I was totally demoralised – but he had said exactly the same to David Suchet and Mel Martin! And he, erm, wasn't entirely right! It just made me even more determined. I suppose it could have been reverse psychology, but I doubt it somehow. To two or three in our year, he said, 'You're going to be stars' – and it is with no sense of *schadenfreude* whatsoever that I say that they've never been heard of since."

After leaving LAMDA, Colin took a temporary job driving a taxi in Minehead, before landing his first paid acting job – "a fifteen-week tour of Hugh and Margaret Williams' stage play *Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat*, which closed after, erm, three weeks! And I then did a play at the Mermaid Theatre called *The Other House*, directed by Sir Bernard Miles, from which I got an agent who put me up for a part in [1970 BBC2 series] *Roads to Freedom*." The producer was a man called David Conroy, who was "unlike any other producer that I've ever met! He didn't want to be seen to be like anyone else – 'I am not part of this system! I am a person with vision!'

> 'I married Liza Goddard before I really knew her. She was vulnerable, attractive ... Within a very short time, we realised that we'd made a mistake.'

"I had never met a TV producer before," Colin elaborates, "so I assumed that they were *all* like that! I went for the part of Claude the rapist, but I didn't feel comfortable – I said: 'How about I play his friend instead?' He said: 'I'm not offering you that part! I want you to play the rapist. You'd be good!' And so I did, and he was right. Any other producer, had I said 'I don't want to do it', would have gone, 'Fine – bye, then!' – but this guy saw something. And after *Roads to Freedom*, he produced *War and Peace*, which was one of the BBC's biggest ever ventures, with Anthony Hopkins as Pierre, and he gave me a very good part in that, too. And the associate producer on that was Ken Riddington, who went on to produce *The Brothers* ..."

Whiz-kid banker Paul Merroney – the man viewers loved to hate – was the role that made Colin Baker a household name. "Ken Riddington rang me one day," he recalls, "and said: 'There's a part in *The Brothers* that I'd like to offer you. He has loads of legal jargon to say, but I know that you did law, and it would save us time if we can find an actor who understands the bloody words!' How could I refuse?" How, then, did Colin assure a more permanent contract? "There was, by chance, an actor whose contract wasn't renewed," he details, "as he hadn't got on with some of the other cast members. And this left a gap, so they thought, 'Paul Merroney was quite an interesting character. We could build up his part ...' If the part as it turned out had been up for grabs, about 50-odd agents would have suggested their finest young actors and I may well never have got it – but I got in by getting a small part first, which was also what happened on *Doctor Who*, interestingly. I got in via the back door, which is the most flattering way to get a part, because it means that your employers value your contribution.

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
COLIN BAKER IS THE DOCTOR!
WE INTERVIEW LALLA WARD COMPANION TO THE FOURTH DOCTOR
FROM THE ARCHIVES: THE TIME WARRIOR
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PLUS A NEW COMIC STRIP ADVENTURE

"I always felt a little bit sorry for some of the regulars on *The Brothers*. They'd been at it for two or three years when Merroney waltzed in and became one of the central characters. He was the motivator for most of the action. And then Kate O'Mara, who joined shortly after me ... She and I became the engines of *The Brothers*." Did Colin enjoy playing a swine? "Ooh yes! They're always more interesting – but Merroney was an ascetic villain. He was usually right in what he did; he just wasn't very sensitive. If he was dealing with incompetence and ineptitude, I mean, he took advantage of it – to the benefit of the company, not necessarily to his own advantage. The people that he dealt with were morons, let's face it. The viewing public hated Merroney, but they couldn't fault him."

How did Colin deal with his newfound fame? Did he not fear for his safety? "Yeah – I got shoved about by old women in supermarkets! And once, on the A40 coming into London, I overtook a car in a way that the driver didn't care for. At the next traffic lights, he leapt out of his vehicle, leant through my window, and said, 'You bastard! You overtook me ... Oh – hang on. You're Paul Merroney, aren't you?' I thought this would defuse the situation: 'Yes, yes,' I smiled, 'as a matter of fact I am!' And he smacked me in the mouth. I had misread the situation. I was on my way to *The Sun* Soap Awards, so I turned up with a fat lip and a loose tooth." Was this not a backhanded compliment? "A front-fisted compliment maybe ..."

The Brothers finished in 1976 for, ahem, no readily apparent reason. "It was such a successful show," he shrugs, "so God only knows why they axed it. *The Brothers* was the most successful series of the 1970s – more successful than *Doctor Who*, to be honest, in terms of national appeal. We'd been told that somebody would be getting in touch with us about a new series, but we never heard another word. Nobody ever told us that it was stopping. *The Brothers* didn't die, it just faded away, which was bizarre."

Shortly after *The Brothers*, Colin married actress Liza Goddard, who had played his on-screen wife in the series. "Ah. Yes, I did." Why did– "Why did I marry her?" And why didn't it work out? "We weren't right for each other," Colin sighs. "We got married before we really knew each other. Having survived to – gosh! – the age of 33 without getting married, I rushed into it in a matter of months because I was bowled over. I'd met her on set wearing a wedding dress at the altar – and she was vulnerable, and attractive – and this great oaf here fell hook, line and sinker. Within a very short time, we realised that we'd made a mistake, and we detached ourselves, which was a great shame." Does he feel bitter? "Oh no – because she's a perfectly nice person, just not the one that should have married me. Or vice versa.

"This is a classic mistake for people who play Doctor Who," he continues, rolling his eyes, "to marry someone that you're working with, and then regret it immediately afterwards! Hmm. Another complication in my life." Is Colin the sort of person who has many regrets? "I suppose so – not debilitating or disabling regrets, but there are choices that one has made that ..." He reconsiders: "I'm going to contradict myself now, but I probably *don't* have regrets, because where I am now is as a result of everything that has gone before, even though it would be handy to exorcise that three years as a mistake ... And it's a big mistake that has probably had more financial implications that emotional ones – in the sense that, having saved up for years for my ideal home, I promptly lost half of it, because when you divorce you split things down the middle ...

"If I'd thought of having a prenuptial agreement, it would have been better," he reasons, "because I lost out – I'm now at an age where I should have paid off the mortgage, but those three years knocked me back ten financially. That is my only regret." Was Colin hesitant of marrying again? "Yeah – very. Having been brought up a Catholic, you know, marriage is a once-and-for-all thing, so it was very hard to contemplate doing it again. I said to Marion, who I'm married to now, I said, 'I've been married once. I don't see the point of doing it again.' She pointed out that she hadn't had that luxury – she hadn't been married. And she was entirely right, of course, so we got married. And that was 19 years ago," he beams. "I haven't regretted it for a second."

One of the first television roles that Colin landed after *The Brothers* was Bayban the Berserker, an intergalactic space pirate in BBC series *Blake's 7*, although this wasn't his very first brush with the science fiction genre. In 1970, he appeared in *The Adventures of Don Quick* episode *People Isn't Everything*: "I'd love to get hold of that episode. Hysterical! I was an item of currency on a planet," chuckles Colin, "where human beings are money. We were

Following their TV wedding in *The Brothers*, Colin Baker and Liza Goddard were married in real life in July 1979.

in a bank – or in prison, actually – behind bars, waiting to be withdrawn and spent. An extraordinary thing! I only had one line, which I argued about with the director! Don Quick was supposed to tell us that we should rebel, and my line was: 'We are revolting!' I said: 'I can't say that! We are *rebelling*, surely?' He said: 'You'll do as you're bloody well told!'" And did Colin do as he was told? "I did, yes." And did he feel a fool? "Of course I did! Bloody hell!" Unlike Colin to complain about a pun ... "And that was my first sci-fi!"

Blake's 7 can't have been quite that silly, surely? "Heh, heh! Oh no – I got to work with the great actors of the universe, like Paul Darrow and, erm ..." He scratches his head. "Oh – Paul Darrow! *Blake's 7* was fun. We had a director who I'd worked with on *The Brothers*, Vere Lorrimer, one of the nicest men that I've ever met in television. I was dressed in black leather, with a ring through my ear and a skull and crossbones around my neck. The costume lady went berserk! We thought we'd get away with it. Vere didn't notice until the third or fourth scene: 'You can't have that earring!' he said. 'Too late!' I said, so it stayed."

And in 1982, Colin landed a role in another science fiction show, which you may well have heard of ... "My agent rang and said: 'We've had a phone call from the *Doctor Who* office. There's a smallish part – a kind of glorified guard – in episodes one, two and three of a *Doctor Who* serial, and the rehearsal and recording dates fit in perfectly with what you're doing at the moment.' I said: 'Oh – what a shame. I've always thought how nice it'd be to play Doctor Who, but I can't now having already appeared in the series.' My agent said: 'Don't be stupid, Colin! Fat chance of that ever happening. Take the job!' – and so I did."

'Sarah Sutton and Peter Davison were quite chummy. Janet Fielding seemed almost left out. I don't believe in a hierarchy of actors.'

The part in question was Commander Maxil in Season Twenty opener *Arc of Infinity*. "I never consider any part that I'm playing a small part," Colin stresses. "We are all leading parts in our own lives, so Maxil was the most important person in his life. I endowed him with qualities that I thought would make him interesting: he was slightly under-promoted, a man who deserved much better; he had nothing but contempt for most of the people around him, who he regarded as his intellectual inferiors; and he would take great delight in seeing off this arsehole called the Doctor ...

"After John Nathan-Turner had seen the producer's run, he came over to me and said: 'That was the archest performance that I've ever seen in any rehearsal room ever!' He was laughing while he said it. 'In fact, so much so that we're going to change your name from Maxil to Archie!' I said: 'Is this a criticism?' He said: 'I think we could tone it done a little bit. The programme is called *Doctor Who*, not *That Bloke Who's The Guard In The Background*!' While Peter [Davison] was delivering his lines, you see, I had been pulling pained or thoughtful expressions behind him, which were distracting, apparently – very unsubtle stuff, but it made John laugh!"

Why exactly did Colin nickname his hat 'Esmerelda'? "That bloody hat! We shot me wearing it in a couple of scenes," he recounts, "but then we discovered that the hat on top of my head wouldn't fit through doors without me stooping, which looked ludicrous – Maxil was a man of authority! They suggested I take the hat off and carry it, which I did – I tucked it under my arm, but it looked like a chicken, so I started clucking as I walked around the set. I kept being told to stop. but I didn't, really. Esmerelda the Chicken became quite a feature of that recording."

What does Colin remember of the Season Twenty cast? "Sarah Sutton [Nyssa] and Peter were quite chummy," he suggests. "Janet Fielding [Tegan] seemed almost left out. I got quite pally with Janet. She has a great sense of humour – a nice line in putdowns, which I quite enjoyed, so we got on well." And what about Peter? "He was fine, but not very demonstrative. He was efficient – not unwelcoming, but businesslike. Peter is a different person to me – and I'm sure he'd be the first to acknowledge that with some gratitude! He wasn't unfriendly, but he wasn't an extrovert either. He may have thought that I was a little bit forward, but I don't believe in a hierarchy of actors. I don't behave any differently if I have a leading role or a minor role, which is hard, but I try to be me, resolutely, whatever."

Colin was almost cast as Maxil again in *The Five Doctors*, but he was otherwise engaged, which was just as well ... "Had I done *The Five Doctors*," he supposes, "it would have been much harder to have me playing Doctor Who later. John checked me out for *The Five Doctors*, but I wasn't available, so I never even heard about it at the time. Thank God! See how chance plays such an important part?"

Does it feel like more than 18 years since Colin first stepped into the TARDIS as the Sixth Doctor? "No, it doesn't. Scary figures. Time rattles by ..." What did landing the role mean to him back then? "An awful lot. I had no doubt whatsoever in accepting it. I wanted to have fun – and it never occurred to me that I could be worse-off having done it. And a little part of me, though I'm almost abashed to say so, wanted not to feel unimportant. I remember saying to Marion: 'It does mean that, when I pass away, I will have left some little footprint behind. The rest of my career might fade, but *Doctor Who* will never, I suspect, fade completely, and I will always mean something to somebody.' This bloody life is such an eye-blink in cosmic terms that to have an after image for a few generations makes you feel a little less unimportant. I don't like feeling unimportant. Is that pathetic of me?"

Colin recalls his somewhat unconventional audition: "I went to see John at the BBC," he details, "and he took me upstairs to meet the Head of Series and Serials, a man called David Reid. And it was about this time of year, summer, so I'd been listening to the cricket on the radio. And David Reid was watching it in his office: 'Oh no,' I said, 'don't turn it off! Just turn the sound down so we can watch it.' And that bonded us immediately – but John Nathan-Turner knew nothing about cricket! I could see him thinking 'What the hell are they talking about?' as we discussed the test match for ten or twenty minutes. All we talked about was cricket! Then, David turned to John and said, 'Colin sounds like an ideal chap to play Doctor Who!' John looked a little bemused.

"'You do realise,' David said, turning back to me, 'that *Doctor Who* is going to take over your life?' And I said that I did. 'I'll leave it to you and John, then, to sort out the details.' And that was when I knew for definite that I was doing *Doctor Who*." Colin accepted an offer of a four-year contract. The BBC was keen to retain his Doctor for a longer period than Davison's, although it was agreed that his casting would be kept a secret ... "I was very frustrated! I wasn't even allowed to tell my own agent. John had contacted me direct. He wanted to release the news at a time when he would get maximum publicity, so we waited and waited ... I couldn't tell anyone for several weeks. My agent was trying to get me work," he laughs, "and I had to find excuses, because I knew that I was going to be doing *Doctor Who*."

Colin is revealed to the press: "Oh God – I'm wearing *that* suit! I look so bloody casual!"

When did the enormity of his casting sink in? "Immediately! I woke up for several days afterwards going 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' I was perhaps a little more excited about it than, as a professional actor of some 20 years, I ought to have been. Then, one Friday afternoon, John rang me up: 'The news has been leaked!' he said. 'We need you to come down to TV Centre immediately. We have Nicola Bryant [Peri] coming in, and we'll do some photographs.' I didn't even have time to change. I just whizzed down, so those photographs of me are awful! Every time I see them, I think, 'Oh God – I'm wearing *that* suit!' I look so bloody casual." And when did he tell his agent that he had been cast as Doctor Who? "I rang my agent on the way to the press call! 'Oh thanks for telling me!' he said. 'I was told not to!' I said. 'I wasn't going to risk this job.' And so I stood there, in a horrible suit, with Nicola Bryant and hundreds of photographers. I was chucked in at the deep end."

Does Colin not regret suggesting – albeit with tongue in cheek – that he intended to play the part for at least eight years as he couldn't bear the thought of anyone doing it for longer than him? "No, no – clearly it was unwise to make that rash remark, but it was a measure of my exuberance at the time. And I'm very happy for it to stand – as a sign of my folly but also of my excitement." History can be cruel to optimism. "I was so proud to be doing *Doctor Who*. That remark was a measure of my commitment to the role more than it was a desire for eight years of employment. I wanted to say: 'I am so pleased to be doing this, and I *so* want it that I want you, the viewing public, to know that if you still want me in seven years from now, I'll still be doing it.' That is what I meant, but I was quite rightly smashed by the fickle finger of fate."

On 13 November 1983, a few weeks before Colin was due to start rehearsing his Sixth Doctor début, he and Marion suffered a great personal tragedy. Their son, Jack, who had been born that September, became a victim of cot death.

"1983 was, until then, the happiest, most fulfilling year of my life," says Colin. "I'd got arguably the best job on television, I'd been married a couple of years, we had had our first child, and everything was just ... well, magic. And I was directing a play, which I was also appearing in, which was opening in Gothenburg. And I was with the cast, in a restaurant, getting drunk ... This was Sunday night, we were opening on the Tuesday, we'd just arrived in Gothenburg ... Hmm. Well, I wasn't getting drunk, but I'd been drinking, and was very ebullient. I mean, I was directing a play, I'd just had a baby, I was about to start being Doctor Who. The world was my oyster.

"Then, I got a message to phone my wife, urgently, so I rang home. And she told me that Jack was dead. And that it was cot death, which I knew nothing about. This was midnight – midnight in Gothenburg. Jack was seven weeks old. I mean, my first thought was, 'What can I do? How can I go home?' Everyone said: 'Of course you must go! Your son is dead – go!' I had to wait for the first plane out, so I sat there, dressed, in my hotel room, from midnight until seven in the morning ... I couldn't go to bed. I couldn't do anything. The longest night of my life." His voice falters. "I find it painful to go back over it, even now."

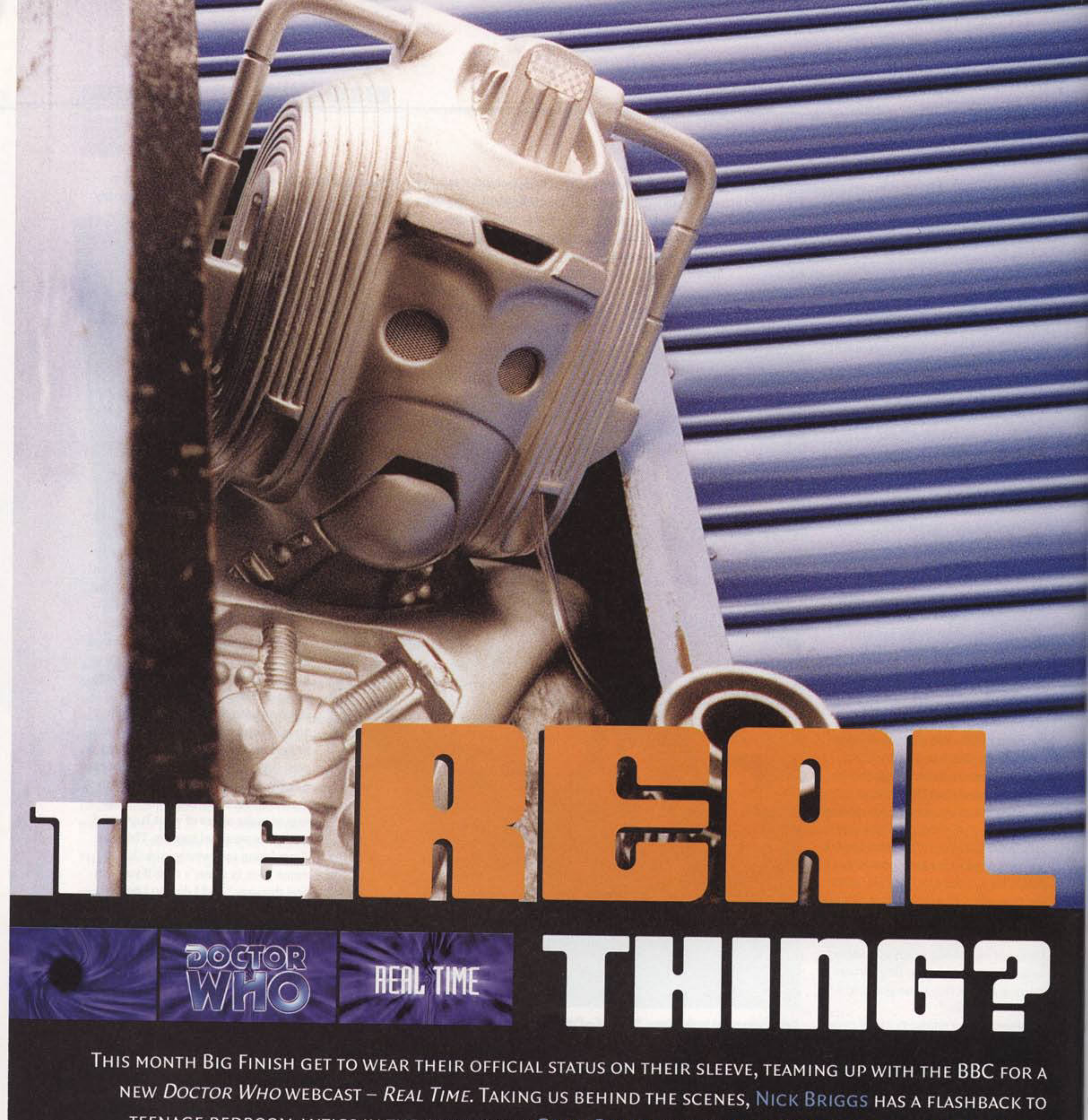
Was it difficult to carry on working at such a time? Or was *Doctor Who* a welcome relief from real life? "A bit of both." Colin considers: "No – I was glad to have the work. Having to concentrate on something else was an advantage that I had that Marion didn't at that time. She had to deal with it 24 hours a day. At least I had some time focussing on other things. Or trying to – your mind keeps going back to that."

Colin subsequently became a passionate fundraiser for The Foundation for the Study of Infant Deaths, with many of his personal appearance fees being donated to charity. "I got involved with them almost immediately," he relates, "because I wanted to find out what this cot death thing was. I offered my services to 'solve cot death'! Heh. That's what happens in those situations ... You try to find a way to make sense of what happened – out of a personal tragedy. The Foundation very wisely said: 'No – come back in a year's time if you still feel this way.' And I did, so I helped them fundraise, and then I went onto the management committee. I'm now chairman. I'm where the buck stops."

Colin explains why fundraising is becoming increasingly difficult: "Since 1991 when cot death figures started to drop, we've saved something like 1,600 babies a year," he tells me, "which, over the last decade, leaves 16,000 sets of parents who, but for our success, would have been fundraisers. When Jack died, 2,000 babies a year were victims; we now have it down to about one a day. We've saved lives, which we're happy about, but we've lost our natural fundraising base. Such is the penalty of success, perversely."

For Colin, his son's death put his *Doctor Who* job very much into perspective: "I suppose, in a sense, doing *Doctor Who* was ... If that hadn't happened, I don't know whether I would have been so ... 'confident' is the wrong word, but so ... unbothered about *Doctor Who*. I mean, to get nervous about being Doctor Who didn't seem relevant anymore. I just turned up and did it. Jack's death made me realise what *Doctor Who* was – it was a job – and what was important in my life was my wife and my family. That was what was important." DWM

Continued next issue. The Foundation for the Study of Infant Deaths is almost entirely dependent upon your generosity. Donations can be made at **www.sids.org.uk/fsid/** *or sent to* **Artillery House, 11-19 Artillery Row, London SW1P 1RT**



THE REAL THING?

DOCTOR WHO REAL TIME

THIS MONTH BIG FINISH GET TO WEAR THEIR OFFICIAL STATUS ON THEIR SLEEVE, TEAMING UP WITH THE BBC FOR A NEW *DOCTOR WHO* WEBCAST – *REAL TIME*. TAKING US BEHIND THE SCENES, NICK BRIGGS HAS A FLASHBACK TO TEENAGE BEDROOM ANTICS IN THE COMPANY OF COLIN BAKER, COMICS LEE AND HERRING AND YEE JEE TSO ...

Here is one of those rare, embarrassing-to-relate, but strangely defining *Doctor Who* fan moments. The Cybermen burst into Nerva Beacon and, to my immense surprise and disappointment, sounded like blokes talking through fibreglass masks. They were supposed to sound like eerie, buzzing, electro-voiced aliens. But no, they'd obviously gone downmarket. Then came the huge consolation: this was a *Doctor Who* monster I could accurately immitate in the privacy of my own bedroom! All I needed was that bathroom light fitting Mum had just thrown out. If I talked through that in a boomy sort of way, the rabbit hutch-shaped microphone of my ancient Philips reel-to-reel tape recorder might be fooled into thinking I was a Cyberman ... or, at the very least, a bloke talking through a mask! At last, I could sound 'authentic' in my homemade audio adventures.

Decades later, and someone is paying me to do almost exactly the same thing. Yes, I am a pig wallowing in something nasty ... and really loving the smell of it all!

Having been so integral to Big Finish's launch with *The Sirens of Time*, I was starting to feel ever-so-slightly left out of this new, internet-tastic phase of *Who* audio history. But, ho-hum, that's the way things go ... and I had the new *2000AD* audios and the next series of *Dalek Empire* to worry about. So, when producer Gary Russell asked me to play the Cybermen in *Real Time* I was thrilled. It was as if I was tumbling back down the space-time vortex into that teenage Briggsy's bedroom ...

Now, of course, that bedroom has been dimensionally transcendentalised into The Moat Studios in Stockwell, London. Here, Big Finish has found a cosy home, courtesy of the studio owner and creative supremo, Toby Robinson. He spent his childhood away from these shores, so he's no idea what *Doctor Who* is; but, luckily for Big Finish, he likes us. He only lets people book his studios if he thinks they're doing something fun. And for Toby, the sound of thespians pretending to be robots, dodge laser beams or run down corridors is utterly hilarious.

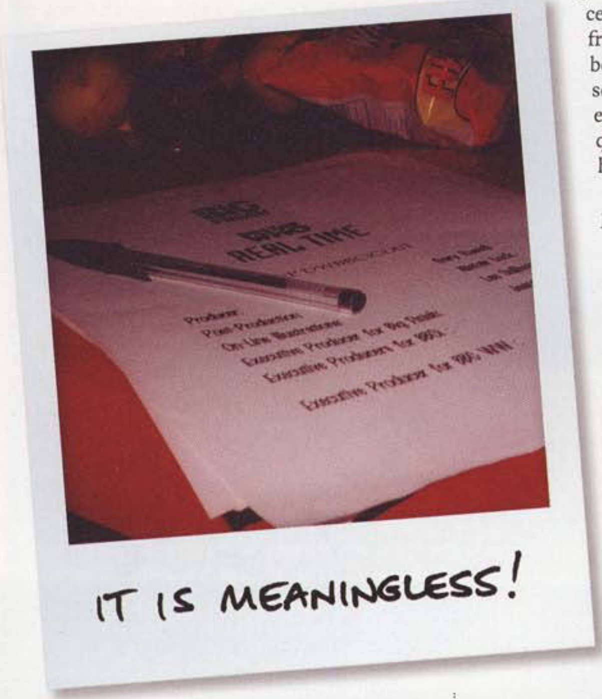
It's almost lunchtime on the studio day for *Real Time*, and Toby is nonchalantly observing sound engineer and general audio genius Alistair Lock scratching his head over the new recording technology we're using. Gary seems to think that none of the morning's work has actually been recorded.

"I knew this would happen!" says Gary, just beginning to lose his cool. He is, of course, implying that my idea to use a new multi-track recording medium (which Toby has been suggesting for ages) so that we can actually hear the Cyberman voice effects as we record, will prove the undoing of Big Finish's first BBCi venture. Toby seems unconcerned.

"Is it a worry?" I quietly ask him, starting to believe that Gary's panic may be founded in fact.

"Nah," he says. "It's recorded. We just haven't told Alistair how to play it back yet." By now, Alistair has gone to the loo. While we wait, Toby suddenly says, "I bought a dreadfully expensive magazine called **Doctor Who Magazine** this morning in Smiths. It's actually full of quite detailed articles. Reviews of novels written by persons known to us! And very good reviews of that Dalek stuff you did!"

Look into my iris: Colin Baker finds himself surrounded by the BBCi 'space alien VIPs'! © Clayton Hickman



IT IS MEANINGLESS!

He seems fascinated by it all, like David Attenborough discovering a new colony of particularly odd gorillas.

Alistair returns from the loo and all is explained. The morning's work starts to play back. Gary is happy. He feels it's the best recording Big Finish has ever done. Never stints on praise, our Mr Russell ...

In many ways, this recording session does remind me of those *Sirens of Time* days. There's always a buzz of activity during a Big Finish recording, but there's that extra *frisson* of anticipation here, reminiscent of the original launch. The guys from BBCi are scuttling around like bemused alien VIPs, occasionally setting up their unfathomable video equipment and asking searching questions. They seem happy. We hope they are. They're smiling a lot.

We turn the tables on them and, just for the record, ask them to explain how it all came about. They consider for a moment, perhaps swapping telepathic impulses, before one of the VIPs, James Goss, Lead Producer for BBC Cult, steps forward.

"We all wanted a good, old-fashioned monster story," says James, "and as far as the Cult site is concerned, we're all huge fans of the Cybermen so it's great to be commissioning something with them in. In *Real Time* they'll be rather different to how you last saw them on television – in that they won't be crap! We loved the original Cybermen when they were hard, nasty villains, not disco robots with allergies on a day-release trip to Windsor. Good old-fashioned Cybermen were great villains ... and *Star Trek* nicked them. We're taking them back!"

I turn to another of the space aliens, Martin Trickey, the commissioning editor of BBC interactive Drama and Entertainment. How, I wonder, does it feel to be working with Big Finish this time around.

He turns to me. "Excellent!" he intones, with an admirably straight face.

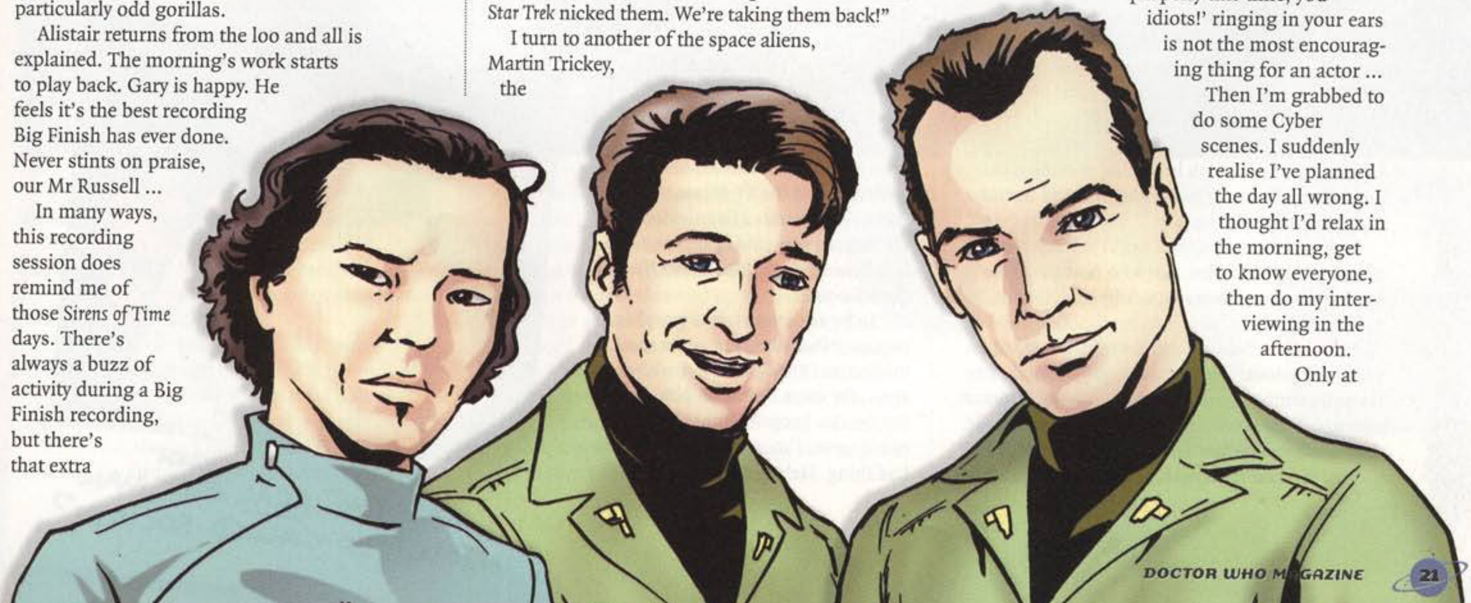
As with *Death Comes to Time*, *Real Time* will have visual accompaniment courtesy of **DWM** artist Lee Sullivan. "Yes," says VIP James. "The exciting thing we get to do is make *Doctor Who: The Slightly Animated Series!*" With a wry smile, he rejoins his colleagues and they scurry off to lunch.

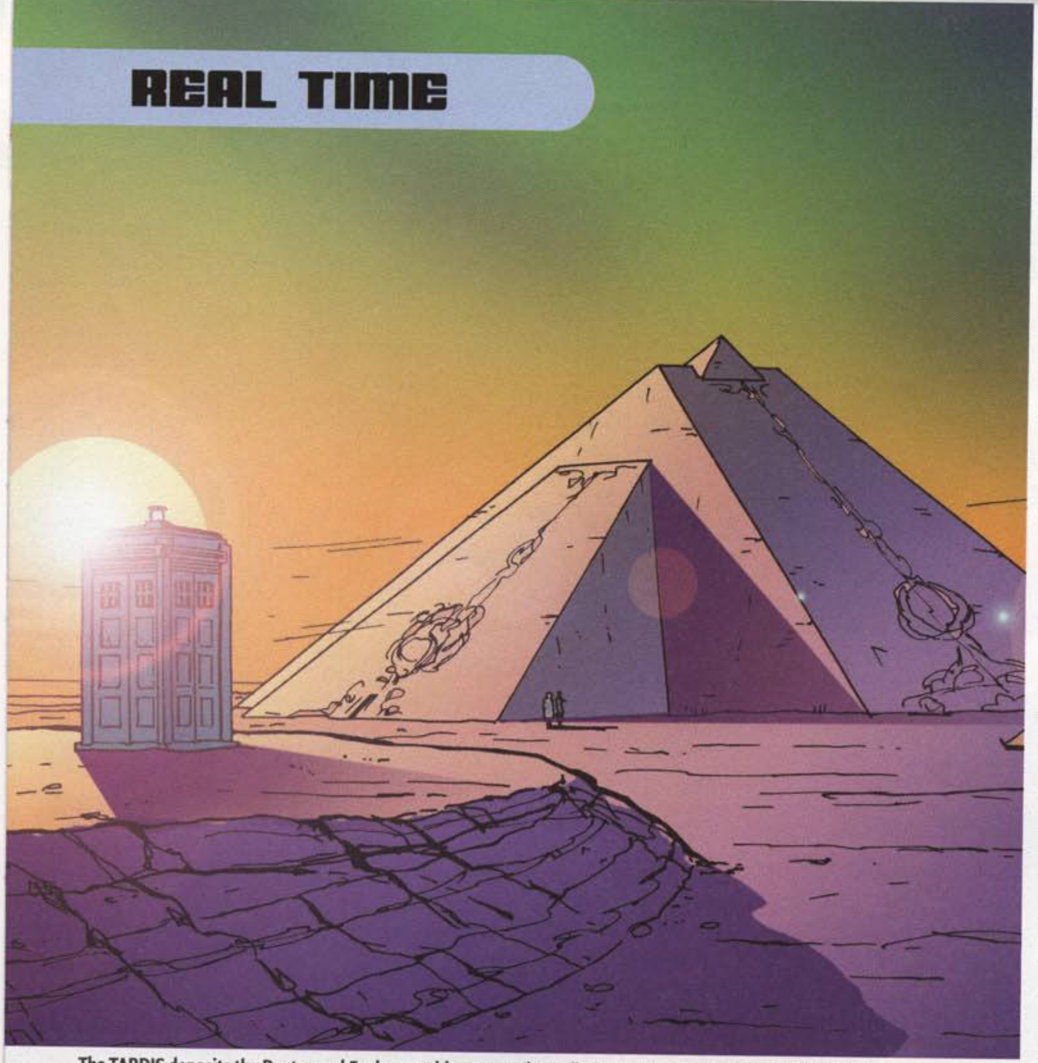
Lunch having been demolished, the hard disk is rolling again. *Real Time*'s director stares long and hard at the script while a scene is recorded. Yee Jee Tso and Colin Baker deliver the dramatic goods. There is a pause. The director hits the intercom switch: "Very nice. Very nice," he says in a slow, thoughtful drawl. "It could be better," admits Colin. The director considers for a moment. "Shall we do the whole thing once more?" he asks, decisively. Colin nods through the glass (not literally, of course, that would be painful) "Yeah, for me. Selfishly!" As they go for the second take, the director adds, "The pace was absolutely spot-on for the whole thing." Good trick, that; always make your last words before a scene encouraging.

'THE EXCITING THING IS THAT WE GET TO MAKE DOCTOR WHO: THE SLIGHTLY ANIMATED SERIES!'

Going into a take with 'And you'd better do it properly this time, you idiots!' ringing in your ears is not the most encouraging thing for an actor ...

Then I'm grabbed to do some Cyber scenes. I suddenly realise I've planned the day all wrong. I thought I'd relax in the morning, get to know everyone, then do my interviewing in the afternoon. Only at





The TARDIS deposits the Doctor and Evelyn outside a mysterious alien temple – courtesy of artist Lee Sullivan. © BBCi

lunchtime did it dawn on me that the director had hardly used me in the morning. "Yes, you're pretty much non-stop until the end of the day now," he cheerfully tells me. And all I've done is talk to the BBCi aliens. D'oh!

> 'I'VE BEEN PLAYING THE CHARACTER OF CAREY AS AN HOMAGE TO KROTON THE CYBERMAN!'

A frenetic afternoon ensues, with me cybernetically converting my vocal chords in studio for some dramatic antics, then rushing out to grab some interesting quotes from my fellow thespians. "Yes, lots of good quotes!" demands **DWM** editor Clayton Hickman, who's too busy hanging around looking important to actually bother doing the interviews himself. What a work-shy fop! In truth, however, Clay has only just returned from the planet Telos, where he picked up a Cyberman (don't ask how) for a fabtastic photo opportunity. I still find it impossible to look into a Cyber-mask's eyes without flinching, even if the feverish breathing coming from within sounds suspiciously like a certain horror magazine editor I know.

"Are we having fun in there?' I ask veteran actress Maggie Stables, she who portrays the Doctor's only senior citizen dolly bird to date, Evelyn Smythe.

"What, love?" says Maggie with a broad smile. I know that look. I've worked in repertory theatre for years with Maggie. She's just emerged from an afternoon nap. She has that 'I'm not asleep really, dear' look on her face. I repeat the question.

"Oh yes,' she says, waking up now. 'I always have fun. I think it's partly because Evelyn is a bit of a Mickey-taker anyway. She doesn't take things too seriously until she's actually at death's door for one reason or another. It's always fun to work with Colin, and you, of course, dear."

I wonder how Maggie feels about being on the internet at last? She humours me like a kindly granny indulging an over-enthusiastic child. "I must confess that I'm technologically illiterate, dear. So I don't know what it involves. But I'm sure you'll be able to tell me later, my love." And she toddles into the control room to ask if she's missed any scenes while she's been asleep.

Yee Jee Tso, on the other hand, is very much awake. With just about a single bound from Canada, he seems to have risen from the status of second row companion in the TV Movie to *Doctor Who* veteran. His roles in the *Excelis* trilogy and *Real Time* mean he's now worked with no less than three Doctors.

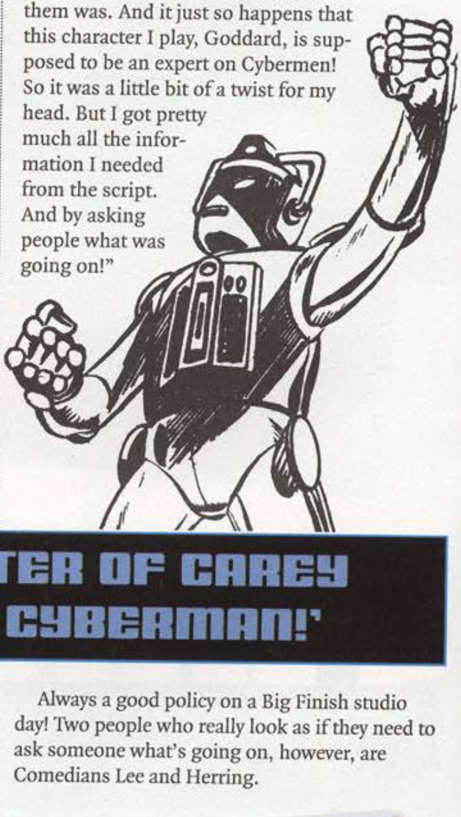
"To be as diplomatic as possible," he says, "Paul McGann is the most distinctive Doctor for me, because I spent the most time with him on set. But he also keeps to himself to a certain degree. I'm not saying that's a bad thing. He's got his own way of working, and he's a family man. He's sort of a shy person, right? So he's quite different from Sylvester and Colin, in that they're very lively and outgoing and come up and say, 'Hi!' and do the whole thing like that. And I think it's just different styles. I've enjoyed working with all of them ... equally!"

And he's having fun today?

"I think it's great. We're constantly being shuttled in and out of the studio. 'Ok, this person's doing this scene, that person's doing that scene!' We're doing photos in between, there's people talking about business and BBC people around. I personally love that kind of atmosphere. I thrive on an atmosphere that's constantly busy with new things happening and – 'Oh my God, we gotta do this now!' 'OK, perform! Go! All right, pictures! Now! This! Go!' It's great, I love it."

He watched *Doctor Who* as a kid in Canada, but just how aware of the Cybermen was he?

"I'd heard of them. And I knew they had silver suits. But I had no idea whatsoever what they were, or what the whole story behind them was. And it just so happens that this character I play, Goddard, is supposed to be an expert on Cybermen! So it was a little bit of a twist for my head. But I got pretty much all the information I needed from the script. And by asking people what was going on!"



Always a good policy on a Big Finish studio day! Two people who really look as if they need to ask someone what's going on, however, are Comedians Lee and Herring.

WHO IS THE REAL ~~SICK~~ CYBER MAN IN OUR SO-CALLED SOCIETY?

COLIN'S BANDWIDTH

DOCTOR WHO HIMSELF – IN THE GUISE OF COLIN BAKER – GUIDES US THROUGH HIS LATEST ONLINE ADVENTURE ...

Colin, how does it feel to be back on the BBC with Doctor Who, albeit on BBCi and not BBC TV?

Strange but very pleasant. It's a bit like putting on an old jumper you'd forgotten about and finding that not only does it still fit, but everyone says it "suits you, sir" too. And it just proves that you should never say never!

How did you feel about working with the Cybermen again?

Again that was a great pleasure, although it was strange not to be seeing them when we did it. Not to be giving too much away I hope, but in a sound studio no costumes are worn! But it reminded me what a good enemy the Cybermen are. All that steely single-mindedness. Do you think Margaret Thatcher was a CyberPremier?

What do you think their strengths as classic *Who* villains are?

They're pretty damn strong, you know – they can bend metal with their hands. As villains they share with the Daleks the characteristic that if you knock one down, there's another identical one trotting up behind without being bothered by the fact that you've just done their mate in. A bit like ants really. But they're a little more sophisticated than Daleks in that Daleks are just implacable purveyors of random destruction who – in the main– can't go upstairs. Whereas the Cybermen are implacable purveyors of random destruction who not only *can* go upstairs but, if they chose to, could sit down in your armchair! And also you're liable to get slightly more of what might be described as a conversation from a Cyberman.

Was there a different atmosphere about the whole production because it was more closely associated with the BBC, or was it just Big Finish business as usual?

There was the merest *frisson* of excitement because we were mainstream Beebee *Who* rather than through a Big Finish glass far from darkly. The process was, of course, identical – and why not, indeed? But the knowledge that this was the real Baker – as opposed to McCoy– made it just that little bit more special.

You've worked with Lee and Herring before. How did you find working with them again?

The dreaded Lee and Herring were the writers of that very funny series *Time Gentlemen Please*, starring the Pub Landlord, Al Murray. They had been kind enough to employ me in one episode as a quiz-going geek from a rival pub quiz team – as a kind of in-joke to *Doctor Who* – so it was nice to work with them on my territory, as it were. They're two very inventive guys who can act as well as write, clever sods. I could easily resent them if they weren't such amiable chaps ...

In this production you also encountered an actor from the *Doctor Who* TV Movie, Yee Jee Tso.

Yee Jee was definitely up for it and had done his homework. He didn't seem to be too distressed at having to slum it on this side of the pond either and showed every sign of enjoying the process. He's good at the acting, too!

What did you like about the script? What do you think its strengths were?

Having been written by an unnamed writer of considerable reputation, who has never turned in anything other than a great script, it was bound to be good. In fact, what is good about this story is that it doesn't just turn out more of the same in terms of the Cybermen saga – it develops the evolution of the Cybermen and plays some clever tricks with time, as well as being a rather tense thriller. Perfect stuff, in fact, for the tantalizing episodic release that it will receive on the BBC website. Back to the old days – having to wait in eager anticipation to find out what happens next!

Were you proud to be Big Finish's first online Doctor?

It was very special for me, given my history with the programme. Having played the part during a period when the controller of BBC1 wanted to dump us all in Room 101, to feel that the BBC – and, after all that organisation is an evolving thing and there's probably no-one there now who had anything to do with the decisions of the 1980s – is not only happy but presumably desirous of having me play the Doctor in the first BBC/Big Finish enterprise. So the sense of pleasure that I now feel from my association with the programme, which was restored by the reaction I have had to my contributions on audio over the last few years, grew even greater with the somewhat belated sense that Auntie approved. Everyone involved in the production was either an old or new friend by the time we finished. The old Cyberman vocal effect was wonderful to hear again and the Cyber Controller – that old adversary – despite being less bulky than I remember him of old had lost none of his sonorous and inimical majesty. A great script, cast and crew – and I am sure a story that will become a classic in the fullness of time. I am proud to have been associated with it.

When's the next one ...?

"I'm playing Renchard, who's ..." offers Richard Herring, quite proudly. He was doing so well, but then collapses into giggles. "Oh, I dunno what he is! Some kind of mechanic who's trying to help out with the central organisation of something. I dunno!"

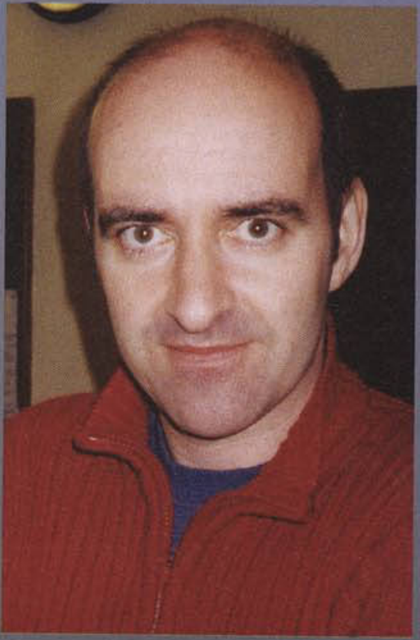
Those familiar with their classic Sunday morning show, *This Morning With Richard ... Not Judy*, may recognize the deadpan delivery. Richard tries again, still sniggering like a naughty schoolboy. "He basically doesn't like authority very much and gets his arm squeezed quite a lot by the Cybermen as far as I can see. And not *just* his arm. You'll have to listen to the show to find out what else he gets squeezed by Cybermen ..."

There's a tease if ever I heard one! How did this cult comedy duo end up in this cult webcast?

"I'm in a double act with Stewart Lee, 'Lee and Herring', and because our stuff's slightly culty and we mention science fiction stuff, we tended to get quite a lot of fans who like *Doctor Who* and science fiction. And a couple of them – David Darlington and Robert Dick – have always got in touch with us. And because they know people who are involved in the Big Finish plays, they asked us if we'd be interested in appearing in one of these for the fun of it, more than anything else. So it's sort of through that circuitous route of our fans and *Doctor Who* fans being similarly nerdish, basically. No offence, guys – we're big nerds ourselves! And I think a lot of our humour is about that slight dispossession in society. I certainly think the character I play in the double-act is much more of a nerd. But it's great doing this, because we always used to watch *Doctor Who* as kids. It's really cool just being in *Doctor Who*."

THE NICK OF TIME

THE BBCi SPACE ALIENS POINT THEIR CAMERA AT NICK BRIGGS. SNEAKILY, NICK RECORDS THE INTERVIEW, THEN ALTERS IT LATER TO MAKE HIMSELF SOUND CLEVER. IT'S A PARADOX WORTHY OF *REAL TIME* ...



You seem to be playing multiple roles today ...

Well, I'm kind of playing all the Cybermen. There are a lot of people who get Cyber converted... so they play their characters with a funny voice effect. But all the other Cybermen are me. So mainly, it's the Cybercontroller who speaks in a big butch voice. And then my main other Cyberman is the one I call the 'Sore Throat' Cyberman. Everyone says it sounds like John Gielgud. But once it goes through the pitch-bending effect, which has two pitches harmonizing with each other, the sore throat thing sounds quite good. That's my immodest opinion. And there are some other minor characters, who we'll be recording in another session when we're doing another play, and I may be playing one of those.

And for the first time, the Cyber voice effect is being added 'live' in the studio. Why?

In order to do an effective alien voice, where your voice is electronically treated, it's best to hear that electronic effect while you're doing the voice. For two reasons: One, once you hear how it's going to sound, it's quite exciting and you go with it. Once you hear the deep voice, you think, Oh God, yeah, I am a Cyberman! I just know you're going to lift that quote out! The other thing is, the clarity and the articulation of your performance. You can't really gauge it unless you can hear how your voice is driving the voice effect. Not hearing the voice effect, you might give what you think is a really clearly enunciated performance. Then in post production, they'll put an effect on it'll end up being totally indistinct. Likewise with the Daleks, you have to hear that ring modulation in order to do it. If you just start shouting exterminate into a microphone without that effect, it's just embarrassing; but once you hear that noise, you kind of think, Yes! I can do this!

Are you tempted to say silly things as Cyberman, just to see how they sound with that voice effect?

Constantly. I have this reputation in Big Finish that I'm quite a stern director; but if ever I'm called upon to do acting, I am the kind of actor I hate. The kind who'd make me say, 'Can we just stop messing around? We've got stuff to do'. I'd like to apologise to all concerned.

Are you a match for Colin's Doctor in terms of shoutiness?

Oh yes. Although, I would say that Colin's Doctor is not just all about shouting. The good thing about Colin's performance is that it has what I call real 'angles' on it. He does have real peaks and troughs in the performance. He's a very, very interesting actor to listen to. One minute he's up there at full power, then he's saying something thoughtful and quiet, and then he's being quite sarcastic to someone. I just did a scene with Colin where I had to have a bit of an argument with him. And at the end, he looked through the glass at me and mouthed 'Very good'. I thought, Bless you, Colin.

Which *Doctor Who* monster voices really sucked?

Depends how anal you want to be about this. I remember a voice that really offended me. It was the Sontaran in *The Invasion of Time*. Do you remember that? They turned up on Gallifrey – and in those days we didn't know what was coming on next in the series – so it was really exciting that the Sontarans had turned up. And the mask underneath the helmet looked great, but then 'eee sta'ed tawkin lyke thees'. And I found that really offensive.

Nick Briggs, you may now return to your bedroom.

Thanks, Mum!

Wear ear protectors

IS THIS THE HUMAN CONDITION KNOWN AS 'MADNESS'?

Stewart Lee concurs: "It was so enormous and meant so many different things to so many different people. And now, to be even a small part of it is a great honour." Stewart also reveals some surprising insider knowledge. "I remember all the **Doctor Who Weekly** Dave Gibbons strips. In fact, part of my performance today was actually informed by that Cyberman who had a personality. What was he called?"

From nearby, a passing **DWM** editor offers, "Kroton!" enthusiastically.

"Kroton!" Stewart is filled with genuine delight. "I remember that really well. Yeah, Kroton the Cyberman. He came back, didn't he? There wasn't just one story. I remember Kroton. It was a homage to Kroton, what I did today, when I was playing Ryan Carey. Because Cyber-Carey's memory is sort of jogged, and some remnant of human spirit remains. It was a Kroton moment."

Mr Herring, too, has a favourite Cyber-related moment in his performance today. "I like the fact that I get to be sarcastic to a Cyberman. A Cyberman locks me up. I get taken hostage and the Cyberman says,

I HAVE FOUND THE ONES FROM THE TARDIS!

'You will wait in here' and I go, 'Thanks, cheers'. I love the ultimate worthlessness of being sarcastic to a Cyberman, who's obviously not going to understand the sarcasm!"

From left: Stewart Lee, Magie Stables, Richard Herring, Chris Scott, Colin Baker, Yee Jee Tso, Cy Berman, Jane Goddard, Nick Briggs.

But back to the nerd thing. Stewart confesses to an interest in science fiction. He's just written a book called *The Perfect Fool*, which SFX have reviewed ... so it must be sci-fi, right? And he's a fan of *Star Trek*. But what about *Doctor Who*? Are they *Doctor Who* nerds?

"No, we're not that bad!" laughs Richard. "We're, like, cool nerds ... No, I am only taking the piss. We do love all that. Everyone's a nerd in some sort of way. I think people who imagine they are cool are the bigger nerds. What I like about *Doctor Who* fans is that they really love something and they're unapologetic about it. And the thing they love is a mixture of being great and rubbish as well. There's a lot of rubbish in it and it's stupid and strange and it's camp, but you can't knock the fact that people are actually devoted to something. It's great. It's better to have an interest than not have an interest. And they do know so much about it. And it's big social thing. And all the nerds get together in one room, and that's good. That means they're not out in the world annoying everyone else. If ever we wanted to get rid of them, we'd just let a gas canister off at a *Doctor Who* convention and that problem would be wiped out!"

For anyone suffering a humour-bypass just then, Richard didn't really mean it. However, I did feel it necessary to point out that his cunning, genocidal plan might be foiled by the fact that he could be a guest at the convention.

"Yes," he muses, "tragically, my career is going so badly that this might be the high point and I'll spend the rest of my life touring *Doctor Who* conventions saying, 'I was Renchard. Yeah, it wasn't on telly or the radio ... it was online. Do you remember it? I got squeezed by a Cyberman. That was me.' I could probably make £50 a week doing that for the rest of my life!"

Talking of careers, Clay mentions that the duo apparently relaunched Tom Baker's career.

Stewart, however, is adamant: "No, I'd never be so arrogant as to claim that ... Richard Herring claimed that! We did a radio comedy show in the early 1990s [*Lionel Nimrod's Inexplicable World*] and Tom Baker took a part in it each week. We only met him once, because he recorded his part at the start of the series and we slotted him in. I don't think we revived his career, I think he was doing reasonably well already. I think we're probably responsible in part for Dale Winton's resurgence, though ..."

Perhaps they can help me out?

"You don't need any help, Nick," Stewart tells me, bursting with sincerity. "You've played two different Cybermen today! Often simultaneously. And the rest of us have to do it through that voice thing. But you just go straight in there! But as long as there are internet-downloadable *Doctor Who* plays with Cybermen in them, you won't need any help with your career, will you? You'll be flying!"

Gosh. I'd never thought of it like that. But dammit, he's right!

'NOBODY OF OUR GENERATION COULD SAY NO TO BEING IN DOCTOR WHO – IT HAS SUCH RESONANCE'

It's time for Richard to leave. "It's been really good fun today. We'd worked with Colin Baker before on *Time Gentlemen Please*, which is a sitcom I write. So it's been nice to work with him again. A fun day!"

Clayton beams. Maybe we'll get away with all the nerd jokes now that Richard's been nice, he seems to be thinking. Or maybe he's just looking for the milk to put in his tea. Stewart obliges him by fishing a carton out of the fridge. He, too, has clearly enjoyed the day.

"Obviously no one of our generation could say 'no' to being in *Doctor Who*," he says. "I came along thinking, 'Yeah, well, this'll be all right', but by the end of the day you're really caught up in it. It was great. I'll recommend it to all my showbiz friends. It was brilliant!

"Everyone has a memory of *Doctor Who* being on telly. And to be able to take a part in those kind of storylines has an incredible resonance."

Real Time is available to download now from www.bbc.co.uk/cult/doctorwho

The Smugglers

HA-HARR! SHIVER ME TIMBERS, RATTLE ME BONES AND ALL THAT NONSENSE, MATEY! **ANDREW PIXLEY** SETS SAIL FOR SEVENTEETH CENTURY CORNWALL, AND A TALE OF WICKED PIRATES, BURIED TREASURE – AND A TOUGH DECISION ...

EPISODE 1

The TARDIS dematerialises from Fitzroy Square, London, in 1966. Inside, the Doctor explains to an astonished Polly and Ben that his 'police box' is a vessel for travelling in time and space. Ben is extremely sceptical, even after the box rematerialises in a cave by a beach in what Polly thinks is Cornwall; he sets off to catch a train back to London, taking Polly with him. Climbing some cliffs, the trio approach a church and are confronted by a man in seventeenth century clothing armed with a flintlock. This is Joseph Longfoot, the churchwarden, who cautiously gives them shelter and direction. Longfoot is afraid of other travellers, and says that nobody can help him. As the Doctor's party set off for the village through a storm, Longfoot tells the Doctor to remember a couplet he recites; this conversation is noticed by a bald ruffian called Cherub. Cherub confronts 'Holy Joe' Longfoot, one time crewmate of the *Black Albatross*, and demands the whereabouts of Avery's Gold. When Longfoot reaches for his blunderbuss, Cherub stabs him to death.

At the local inn, proprietor Jacob Kewper sends young Tom to take a message to the Churchwarden as the Doctor's party arrive; the fact that the travellers know Longfoot means a pleasant welcome and a change of clothes for Polly and Ben. Tom returns with word that the Churchwarden has been killed, and – suspecting the travellers – Kewper sends him to fetch the Squire. Meanwhile, Cherub and three pirates enter the inn, forcing the Doctor to go with them to reveal the message Longfoot gave him. The Squire arrives, and decides that Polly and Ben are most likely involved in the murder.

The Doctor is taken to a ship, the *Black Albatross*, and brought before the captain. When Cherub says that the old 'sawbones' is not talking, the Captain retorts "Well, by thunder – you'll talk to me – or my name's not Samuel Pike!" and slams the metal hook that serves for his right hand into the table ...

Left: Jamaica (Elroy Joseph) gets the point! Right: Pike and his men go tomb robbing ...

EPISODE 2

The Doctor learns that Longfoot, Cherub and Pike all served under the savage pirate Captain Avery, and that Longfoot has hidden the plunder which was rightly theirs. The next arrival on Pike's ship is Kewper, who thinks the crew are other smugglers – like himself, the Squire and the Churchwarden. Having revealed the scale of the smuggling operation to Pike, Kewper is aghast to learn who he is dealing with. Pike and Cherub leave for the mainland to see the Squire, and the Doctor and Kewper are left prisoners on the ship, guarded by Jamaica. Knowing that Pike will destroy the village if angered, the pair set about effecting an escape with a game of cards.

Locked up in a gaol cell, Polly – who is pretending to be 'Paul' since the locals assume she is a boy – and Ben pretend to use the black arts to capture Tom's soul in a straw doll, and terrify Tom into letting them go rather then incur the wrath of their 'warlock master'. They head back to the church where they hope to be able to find out who really killed Longfoot. Searching the crypt, they see a cloaked figure emerge from a secret wall panel; Ben overpowers the man and investigates the passage which leads down to the cave where the TARDIS landed. Polly leaves to fetch the Squire, and Ben's prisoner reveals that he is Josiah Blake, a revenue man who was investigating the smugglers.

Cherub and Pike pose as smugglers to gain the Squire's confidence, and are in fruitful discussion when Polly bursts in. The 'lad' recognises Cherub as the Doctor's kidnapper, but the Squire has her recaptured. The Squire, Cherub and Pike take Polly back to the crypt where they confront a startled Ben, the Squire levelling his pistol at Ben and warning, "We'll have no more tricks this time."

EPISODE 3

The Squire releases Blake who says that he is taking Polly and Ben into custody for murder. Blake takes the pair to the stables at the inn where he releases them; he believes their claims of innocence, and knows that the Squire is implicated in the smuggling. Meanwhile, the Squire shows Pike and Cherub where the booty is hidden – in a tomb in the graveyard. A rendezvous is agreed for 2 am.

The Doctor claims to be able to tell Kewper's fortune with playing cards, and uses this to distract Jamaica so that he can be overpowered. The pair escape from the *Black Albatross* and arrive back at the inn. Blake attempts to arrest the smuggling Kewper, but the innkeeper escapes on horseback. Hearing of Pike's presence, Blake sets off to bring help from the militia to defend the village. The Doctor reveals that he now understands the couplet as being a clue to the gold's whereabouts, and returns with Polly and Ben to the church crypt.

Kewper warns the Squire of the danger posed by Pike, and of the hidden gold, and they leave to search the church. Pike returns to his ship and skewers Jamaica for his failure; Pike is planning to arrive before the meeting, locate the gold and steal the contraband. In the crypt, the Doctor's party are hunting for the names given in Longfoot's couplet when Kewper and Squire Edwards enter. Kewper ruthlessly turns on the others, and is threatening the Squire when Cherub enters the crypt, knifes the innkeeper and fires his pistol. Polly screams ...

EPISODE 4

Squire Edwards is injured, and Cherub forces the Doctor to reveal Longfoot's clue which contains names of other of Avery's crew.

Pike and his men arrive ashore and make for the church where they start to remove the contraband from the tomb; the men set to work, with Spaniard and Davy sent back to the beach. Pike goes in search of Cherub and, seeing the scene in the crypt, realises Cherub had betrayed him. The two men fight, and Polly and Ben to escape down the passage towards the TARDIS. Pike triumphs, skewering Cherub, and the Doctor agrees to reveal the secret if Pike leaves the village unharmed. Pike agrees, and the Doctor shows how the Churchwarden changed the names on some tombs to those in the rhyme; in the centre of the tombs, the treasure is beneath a flagstone.

Blake returns with the militia, leading some of them through the cave while others engage the drunken pirates in the graveyard. Polly is attacked in the cave by Spaniard, but rescued by Ben who joins Blake in the attack on the crypt. The battle rages in the church, with the militia triumphing and Blake shooting down Pike who has just set eyes on the treasure. The Doctor and Ben slip away down the tunnel and join Polly at the TARDIS, The ship sets off, but Polly is soon feeling cold. Indicating the scanner, the Doctor tells her "We have arrived at the coldest place in the world ..."

'Obvious to the perceptive eye'

Held captive aboard the Black Albatross, the Doctor attempts to sweet-talk Captain Pike.

DOCTOR Oh, I find your friend rather a bore ... but you are, I think, a gentleman! So let us talk like gentlemen. Hmm?
CHERUB (*Warningly*) Cap'n!
PIKE (*Fiercely, but flattered*) What makes you think I likes gentlemen ... eh?
DOCTOR Well it's quite obvious to the perceptive eye, sir! Your dress – your manner – your tastes – yes, you're the type of man that has raised himself to an exalted position, unaided ...
PIKE (*Showing his hook under the Doctor's nose*) Aye – with this to help me.
DOCTOR Oh, quite so, quite so ... but you are neither a barbarian or a savage. I can see that ...
CHERUB (*Laughs raucously*) Oh quite right! He – (*He is suddenly frozen by Pike's steely gaze*)
PIKE (*Softly*) Cherub, you've got a funny sense of humour ...
CHERUB (*Sullenly*) Uh – Aye, cap'n ... (*He throws the Doctor a look full of hate*)
PIKE Well Doctor, you talk sweet ... but don't toy with me, or you'll rue it!
DOCTOR My dear sir, I'm sure you can quickly see through any flattery of mine.
PIKE Aye. Indeed, I could!

From **The Smugglers** Episode 2 *by Brian Hayles*

In Production

Polly and Ben stumble upon the TARDIS – much to the Doctor's annoyance ... © BBC

Brian Hayles' first submitted storyline, *Doctor Who and the Dark Planet*, was commissioned by story editor Dennis Spooner in February 1965, only to be rejected some time later. In July, Spooner's successor, Donald Tosh, commissioned the first episode of *The Celestial Toymaker*; when this proved suitable on delivery in September, Tosh gave Hayles the go-ahead for the remaining three episodes which were delivered during November. On Tuesday 16 November, Tosh commissioned two more storylines from Hayles: *The White Witch* and *The Hands of Aten*. Unfortunately, Hayles was heavily involved with the BBC soap opera *United!*, and the final scripts for *The Celestial Toymaker* were prepared in late 1965 by Tosh; these had to be rewritten further in January 1966 by incoming story editor Gerry Davis after problems arose with two lead characters in Tosh's scripts. The serial was made with Hayles taking sole credit; in the meantime, Tosh rejected Hayles' other two storylines at the start of 1966.

Hayles' next commission on *Doctor Who* came from Davis and was entitled *The Nazis*; the storyline was commissioned on Tuesday 8 March. However, while Hayles was still working on this, Davis gave him a new assigmnent with a higher priority. A new serial, *The Smugglers*, was commissioned by Davis on Monday 4 April as a set of four scripts to be delivered – at very short notice – within a fortnight. This was to be a historical serial, a notion which Hayles had apparently discussed with Tosh, and Davis' principle stipulation was that he wanted a distinctive, romantic historical era. Hayles suggested the seventeenth century, which Davis felt was a good setting; this envoked the atmosphere of the *Doctor Syn* books which Davis liked. Hayles however was never terribly happy with the idea of doing historical storylines for the series.

During March 1966, a new companion, Rich, had been developed to replace Steven Taylor for *The Computers* (latterly *The War Machines*). During April, the decision was also taken to drop the character of Dodo, and so a second new character, Polly, was developed to be introduced alongside Ben (the new name for Rich).

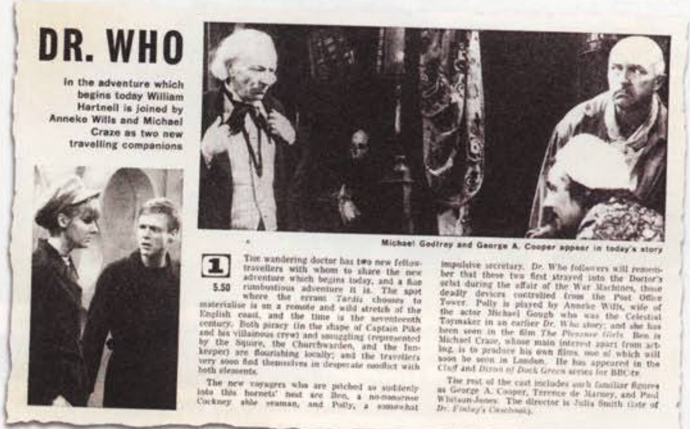
Hayles delivered the first episode of *The Smugglers* on Tuesday 12 April. In this, it was envisaged that the TARDIS landed further into the cave, and that all the material up to this point was set inside the cave, after which the trio moved onto the beach. The main villain, Captain Pike, was described as "a huge man with a vast black beard, well cared for. He is dressed quite foppishly with many rings on his left hand, and a well curled wig. His manner, however, is bold and vulgar, and his glance heavy and threatening. We cannot see his right hand which apparently rests upon his knee, hidden by the table at which he sits." When revealed, his hand is "Not a hand but a hook, and a strange one at that. Unlike the usual seaman's hook, it is shaped like a miniature military pike – spearhead, blade and barb, and it bites deep into the table."

INFLUENCES Doctor Syn

A big influence on *The Smugglers* were the Doctor Syn novels of eighteenth century piracy and smuggling by British novelist Russell Thorndyke. Doctor Syn was the name adopted by the notorious pirate Captain Clegg for his guise as a pious vicar of the Kent village of Dymchurch (where Thorndyke lived); however, he still led a band of smugglers, disguised as a scarecrow. The first book, *Doctor Syn* was published in 1915 to be followed by a series of sequels. *Doctor Syn Returns* (aka *The Scarecrow Rides*), *The Further Adventures of Dr Syn*, *Dr Syn on the High Seas*, *The Amazing Quest of Doctor Syn*, *The Courageous Exploits of Dr Syn* and *The Shadow of Dr Syn* appeared between 1935 and 1944; in his later years, Thorndyke wrote one further novel, *Christopher Syn*, with William Buck in 1960. A 1935 movie starred George Arliss as Syn, while Patrick McGoohan took on the role for a Walt Disney TV serial (and British cinema release) entitled *Scarecrow of Romney Marsh* (aka *Dr Syn – Alias The Scarecrow*) in 1961. Hammer Films also produced a version of the first novel entitled *Captain Clegg* with Peter Cushing in the title role.

RUSSELL THORNDIKE
Doctor Syn

The second script arrived with Davis on Wednesday 20. In this, Jamaica was originally called Crow. In the filming script, the sequence where Pike prepares to leave his ship and meet the Squire was different, starting with Pike and Cherub checking that the boat is waiting below and descending the ladder; the long boat then pulls away, with Pike and Cherub continuing their discussion about the smugglers' store and Avery's treasure. The scene then mixed to the clifftop, with Cherub and Pike climbing into view, after which they change into their "fine togs". This material was largely rewritten to be set on Pike's ship. Also in the script, Blake originally refers to the passage from the crypt as "the Devil's Stairway". In his dialogue, Pike compares the vicious Captain Avery to the black-hearted Morgan; this was a reference to Sir Henry Morgan, a pirate active from 1660-68 when he sacked the Panama canal, and was subsequently knighted by King Charles II.



DR. WHO

In the adventure which begins today William Hartnell is joined by Anneke Wills and Michael Craze as two new travelling companions

Michael Godfrey and George A. Cooper appear in today's story

1
5.50

The wandering doctor has two new fellow-travellers with whom to share the new adventure which begins today, and a fine rumbustious adventure it is. The spot where the errant *Tardis* chooses to materialise is on a remote and wild stretch of the English coast, and the time is the seventeenth century. Both piracy (in the shape of Captain Pike and his villainous crew) and smuggling (represented by the Squire, the Churchwarden, and the Innkeeper) are flourishing locally; and the travellers very soon find themselves in desperate conflict with both elements.

The new voyagers who are pitched so suddenly into this hornets' nest are Ben, a no-nonsense Cockney able seaman, and Polly, a somewhat impulsive secretary. Dr. Who followers will remember that these two first strayed into the Doctor's orbit during the affair of the War Machines, those deadly devices controlled from the Post Office Tower. Polly is played by Anneke Wills, wife of the actor Michael Gough who was the Celestial Toymaker in an earlier *Dr. Who* story; and she has been seen in the film *The Pleasure Girls*. Ben is Michael Craze, whose main interest apart from acting, is to produce his own films, one of which will soon be seen in London. He has appeared in the *Cliff* and *Dixon of Dock Green* series for BBC-tv.

The rest of the cast includes such familiar figures as George A. Cooper, Terence de Marney, and Paul Whitsun-Jones. The director is Julia Smith (late of *Dr. Finlay's Casebook*).

Thursday 8 September 1966: the *Radio Times* previews *The Smugglers*.

Episode 3's script was delivered by Hayles on Thursday 28 April. For the scene in which the Doctor (or "Doctor Who" as he was generally referred to) tells the future with a pack of cards in Episode 3, the stage directions indicated that "Taking the outer seven cards, he lays seven radiating lines of cards inwards to a junction in the centre of the circle, making the last card in each radius the centre – thus he ends with seven cards stacked in the centre. He takes these up, discarding the remaining cards". The cards were given meanings, defined as: "Jack of Clubs (Kewper), Jack of Spades (Cherub), King of Spades (Pike), Ace of Spades (Death), Jack of Diamonds (Blake)".

June 23 1966: filming aboard the suitably piratical-looking *Bonny Mary*.

The final script was submitted by Hayles on Thursday 5 May. The stage directions described two of the other pirates; Gaptooth was "a thin faced villain", while the Spaniard was "One of the soldiers, young and muscular – a natural challenger of rank ... he looks, dark, and passionate – but he is a mute."

Hayles' scripts were rapidly scheduled for production at the end of the current recording block, to be held over for the next season in Autumn 1966. The director for the script was settled upon as BBC staff member Julia Smith, *Doctor Who*'s second woman director; a main reason for her selection was her knowledge of the county of Cornwall where Hayles had set his story.

The designer on the serial, Richard Hunt, had previously handled *Galaxy 4* and *Mission to the Unknown*. This was the final serial on which costume design was regularly handled by Daphne Dare who had joined *Doctor Who* with the first Dalek serial three years earlier. Make-up was now taken over by Gillian James who was new to the show. Because of several fight sequences in Hayles' script, Smith also worked closely with stuntman and arranger Derek Ware. Ware had formed a stunt agency called HAVOC and could supply the stuntmen for his sequences; he had also been involved with *Doctor Who* back to the first serial in 1963. As such, Smith cast Ware as Spaniard, who was involved in many of the action elements; Ware was disappointed to learn that the character was a mute with no dialogue.

Hayles' other submission, *The Nazis*, was rejected by Davis on Wednesday 15 June shortly before production began on *The Smugglers*. Smith was allocated the first major location shoot for *Doctor Who*; only a handful of serials up to this point had been allocated any location filming at all, and all of this had been within daily travelling distance of London. However, Smith's knowledge of Cornwall was not wasted as a five day shoot on the distant western coastline was scheduled for late June. This would involve the crew travelling out of London and being based in Penzance, from where they would travel to the various sites selected for shooting. Smith's schedule was planned carefully, particularly with regards her use of the three regular cast members – the show's star, William Hartnell, and his co-stars, Anneke Wills and Michael Craze – who would still be recording the previous serial, *The War Machines*. Smith was also aware that Hartnell's third year as the Doctor had been a difficult one for him; as well as conflicts with former producer John Wiles, Hartnell had suffered some personal tragedies and was feeling increasingly ill from arteriosclerosis. Because of this, Smith scheduled production to place as little burden on the show's star as possible.

> **'I made it with children in mind – it was a simple case of booing the bad guys and cheering the heroes'**
>
> **Julia Smith** • DWM AS 1987

The regulars recorded Episode 2 of *The War Machines* at Riverside studios on Friday 17 June and the next day travelled down with the other cast and crew members to Penzance. Filming then started early on Sunday 19 with shooting on 35mm stock at Nanjizal Cove; this beach with its caves was located just south of Land's End at the western extremity of Cornwall, to the west of the crew's Penzance base. The TARDIS prop had been transported from London and, with great difficulty, was taken down the cliffs of the cove and assembled in a cave mouth. Smith then gave priority to shooting the scenes with the regular cast, starting with their arrival and departure in the TARDIS for Episodes 1 and 4. After shooting on the beach, the crew moved to the cliffs for the sequence of the travellers sighting the church in Episode 1. With this, Hartnell had completed all his location work and was able to return early to London. The final sequence scheduled to be filmed was of Polly being attacked by two of the pirates – Spaniard and Daniel – on the beach in Episode 4. Following this, Wills and Craze also returned to London where they would begin rehearsals on *The War Machines* Episode 3 the next day.

Nanjizal Cove was also the venue for the second location day, with the crew joined by 11 local extras as militia soldiers and John Ringham who played Josiah Blake. Ringham had appeared in *Doctor Who* two years earlier as Tlotoxl in *The Aztecs*; he had worked with Smith on *An Age of Kings* in 1960 and featured in her presentation at the end of her BBC director's course. The first sequence scheduled was the view of the cave and beach as seen on the TARDIS scanner in Episode 1 and required no cast members. After this, scenes of the cave with the TARDIS for Episode 4 were filmed showing the pirates discovering the

RECORDING *Churchyard fight*

For the battle between pirates and militia in the graveyard and crypt during Episode 4, Derek Ware's HAVOC stunt agency provided a total of ten stuntmen to perform the fight alongside a group of extras. This was the first appearance on *Doctor Who* for Terry Walsh, who would become a mainstay of the series in years to come and the regular double for both Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker. Another of the stuntmen was Buddy Windrush who had previously appeared in *The Daleks' Master Plan* under both this name and his other professional acting name, Bryan Mosley. Walsh recalled that to make the number of men fighting in the graveyard look larger than it was, after one of them had been 'killed' they would crawl off behind a gravestone, swap hat and wig, and then emerge to rejoin the battle!

ship, Blake leading his men into the cave and the TARDIS' departure. Shooting then moved to the clifftop with Blake assembling his troops in Episode 4; horses used in the serial were provided by the Rose Hill School of Riding in Penzance. The rest of the day was then spent on a nearby unmade road with a camera car doing tracking shots of Blake and his men in Episode 4. For shots of Blake riding alone on horseback in Episodes 3 and 4, Ringham was doubled by Ware. In the scene where Blake was thrown from his horse, Ware performed the fall – only to land in some nearby dung.

The first venue on Tuesday 21 June was Church Cove, another clifftop area down by the Lizard to the east of Penzance which also afforded a shot of St Grada Church at Grade which appeared as a point-of-view shot for the travellers in Episode 1. A number of local extras appeared as pirates passing signals by a variety of means in Episode 1. The next scene scheduled was the arrival of Pike and his pirates in Episode 4; Pike was played by Michael Godfrey, whose costume accommodated two different false right hands – one of which was the vicious spike. Filming was also done at the nearby Church Cove harbour for shots of the Doctor being kidnapped in the row boat in Episode 1, and Kewper heading for the *Black Albatross* in Episode 2. With Hartnell busy in London, all these remaining scenes involving the Doctor were performed by Gordon Craig, while Kewper was played by David Blake Kelly, who had appeared in *The Chase* as Captain Briggs the previous year. The rowing by two young pirates was handled by local Sea Cadets Terry Hawes and Ted Rogers in *Lyonesse*, the Penzance Sea Rangers' gig.

Polly cradles an injured Ben whilst Tom, Kewper and Squire Edwards look on. © BBC

In the afternoon, the crew moved north to the town of Helston (apparently at Wood Farm) to get more shots of the signalling pirates in Episode 1 and a number of sequences set outside the Squire's House in Episode 3. Joining the cast now as Squire Edwards was Paul Whitsun-Jones; Smith knew Whitsun-Jones from her time in the theatre, and the actor was known on television for appearances in *The Quatermass Experiment*, *The Three Musketeers* and *The World of Wooster*.

The crew found themselves travelling back towards Land's End on Wednesday 22, starting at Trethewey Farm at Porthcurno, owned by Donald Trewern. With suitable dressing from a ship's wheel, a barn featured as Kewper's inn for all the scenes set at the Inn Yard. George A Cooper joined the cast as Cherub; Smith had again worked with him on *An Age of Kings*, and Cooper was well known in films such as *Hell is a City* and numerous television series. It appears that filming was abandoned on two scenes scheduled for the nearby clifftop of Nanjizal Bay; one was of Tom riding along on horseback in Episode 1, while the other was of Pike and Cherub preparing to meet the Squire in Episode 2. Also filmed was a single shot of Cherub watching the Squire and Pike through the bushes in Episode 3 – Cooper not having been available the previous day.

The final location day, Thursday 23, was the day that the crew took to the high seas. It had been arranged for the crew to board the ship *Bonny Mary* at Newlyn Harbour, just round the coast from Penzance, and then sail west around the headland to anchor off Nanjizal Bay for the shoot. The ship had been dressed by Hunt's team the previous evening, and during the filming day a number of the team were extremely seasick, with Smith being badly affected herself but struggling on. All the scenes on the *Black Albatross* were filmed on this day, including an amended version of the scene between Cherub and Pike abandoned from the clifftop the previous day. Once more, local extras were pressed into service, and the involvement of the sea cadets was highlighted in an article which appeared in *The Cornishman* that day. With shooting on the ship completed, Smith and her team returned to London. The director had also acquired a stock footage sequence of a galleon from Rank Films for establishing shots of the *Black Albatross*, but felt that the print quality was so bad it could not be used.

Rehearsals for the first studio recording began on Monday 4 July at the Territorial Army Drill Hall on Bulwer Street. Joining the cast as 'Holy Joe' Longfoot was Terence de Marney, a famous actor/manager who had given Smith a job once as a stage manager; de Marney had been involved in films since the 1930s and starred as *The Saint* on the radio. Smith found that the demands of doing *Doctor Who* for 40 weeks of the year was now taking its toll on Hartnell; he was confused and indecisive about whether he should continue in the part. Already, the production team had considered replacing Hartnell with another actor, and Patrick Troughton had been approached in late June while in Ireland filming *The Viking Queen* for Hammer. The working relationship between Hartnell and his new co-stars was also not as strong as with their predecessors, and both Craze and Wills were aware that the actor felt awkward with them. However, Craze very much enjoyed *The Smugglers*, his second *Doctor Who* serial.

All four episodes of *The Smugglers* were recorded in Studio 1 at the BBC's Riverside Studios on Friday evenings, usually between 8.30pm and 9.45pm; at this stage, the first transmission date was fixed for Saturday 10 September. The night of Friday 8 July saw the taping of Episode 1, with a photocall held that afternoon. To maintain continuity back to *The War Machines*, the film of the TARDIS dematerialising at the end of that serial was shown after the opening credits, followed by some stock 35mm feedback cloud effects relayed to the TARDIS scanner which indicated the TARDIS in flight. Over this were superimposed the opening captions, in black rather than the usual white.

Derek Ware (right) as Spaniard at Nanjizal Cove.

After this, Smith included a fade down to black and back up again for the rest of the opening TARDIS scene; this was to create a commercial break for overseas sales to commercial stations and was edited out of the BBC transmission. Continuing the narrative from *The War Machines*, Ben specified that the TARDIS had been in Fitzroy Square and that the year had been 1966. Film of Nanjizal Bay was shown on the monitor acting as the TARDIS scanner. Smith found that

DIRECTOR *Julia Smith*

Julia Smith trained as an actress at RADA and received a Diploma in Dramatic Art from London University. After working as a stage manager in Rep, she joined the BBC as a production assistant and was one of the first women to undertake the BBC's internal directors course. At the BBC, her work included plays and series including *Compact*, *Swizzlewick*, *Jury Room*, *Letter to a Soldier* and many episodes of *Doctor Finlay's Casebook*.

Captain Samuel Pike (Michael Godfrey) shows off his appalling appendage. © BBC

Hartnell was insistent about the way that he, as the Doctor, operated the TARDIS; the actor had developed a certain continuity in his use of the controls over the previous three years.

During recording, de Marney incorrectly delivered the rhyming riddle to Hartnell, saying "Smallwood, Ringwood and Gurney" rather than the scripted "Ringwood, Smallbeer, and Gurney"; this is why the rhyme is different in later episodes where Hartnell sticks to the script. The storm was achieved by use of electric lighting to simulate lightning. Two recording breaks were scheduled early in taping: one to rearrange the Vestry set before the Churchwarden met Cherub, and another to insert a prop knife hilt in the back of de Marney's costume for Longfoot's demise. A later recording break came after the film of the signalling pirates, and there was a costume change for Wills and Craze. The short scuffle between Ben and Cherub's men was arranged by Ware, who was present as Spaniard. The episode's closing captions started to roll over a shot of Pike's spike embedded in the table.

After another week's rehearsal, Episode 2 was taped at Riverside on Friday 15 July in the later slot of 9.00pm to 10.15pm. The opening title captions were superimposed over a re-enacted shot of Pike's pike embedded in the table. The sound on the gaol cell set was artificially echoed in studio, and recording breaks were planned for camera moves and minor set changes as Polly and Ben escaped up the gaol corridor. At the end of the episode, the closing roller was superimposed over a close-up of the Squire with his flintlock, fading to black.

The first glimpse of *The Smugglers* for viewers of BBC1 was at 5.39pm on Saturday 16 July. Directly after the broadcast of *The War Machines* Episode 4, which ended the third season, a sneak preview of the first story after the summer break was transmitted in the form of a 45-second trailer narrated by Martin Locke.

On Friday 22 July, Episode 3 of *The Smugglers* saw recording switch back to its usual time of 8.30pm (as it was for the next episode). For the sequence where the Doctor dealt cards to tell the future, close-ups of the cards were shown by a camera trained on a duplicate table where the hands of extra Albert Ward doubled for Hartnell's in close-up; Ward had previously been Hartnell's hand-double in *The Romans* and *The Celestial Toymaker*. Three recording breaks were scheduled in the evening; the first was to cover Pike skewering Jamaica (to add blood to his blade), the second to allow movement between the graveyard and crypt sets, and the final one to insert another knife hilt – this time in the back of Kelly for Kewper's demise. The closing roller captions were then shown over a shot of Polly, having just seen Kewper's death.

DECISION *William Hartnell*

It was during production of *The Smugglers* that William Hartnell finally accepted that his health would no longer allow him to star in *Doctor Who*. The weekly grind of learning a new, technically demanding script was now taking its toll. Producer Innes Lloyd, who had replaced John Wiles in January 1966, discussed the situation with Hartnell and assured him that the series could continue with a new actor taking over as the Doctor – but a new version of the Doctor as opposed to a recasting of the same role. Hartnell was pleased to hear that Troughton, an actor whom he admired, had agreed to take over from him, and it was arranged that, after the summer break, Hartnell would record one final four-part serial, at the end of which the Doctor would be 'rejuvenated'. On Saturday 16 July, Hartnell's wife Heather McIntyre noted in her diary: "Bill decides to give up Dr Who in October".

The formal announcement of Hartnell's departure from *Doctor Who* after three years was made on Saturday 6 August; by this time, Hartnell and his wife were enjoying a holiday in Cornwall, prior to production on *The Tenth Planet* starting at the end of the month.

With the recording completed, Hartnell travelled back down to Cornwall to make an appearance at an air display day at RAF Culdrose; accompanying him were the black Dalek Supreme last seen in *The Daleks' Master Plan* and one of the Chumblies from *Galaxy 4*.

The Smugglers Episode 4 brought *Doctor Who* to its summer break with recording at Riverside on Friday 29 July; unfortunately, Craze suffered an accident when he fell through an unsecured trapdoor during morning rehearsals and sustained a bruised and scratched right elbow. The episode opened with the captions superimposed over a new shot of the dagger in Kewper's back; Kewper's corpse was played by extra Terence Connolly to save having to hire Kelly. Smith scheduled nine recording breaks and pauses during the episode, many of which were to adjust the lighting in studio between the daylight scenes in the graveyard and the dinginess of the crypt and tunnel. During recording, Wills had a costume change where the shirt worn by Polly was ripped to match with the film sequence in which she met the pirates. At the end of the serial as the Doctor, Polly and Ben looked up towards the scanner, the caption "Next Week – The Tenth Planet" was superimposed, after which the closing titles rolled. This closing scene was added to the script by Davis to match into the next serial – Hartnell's swansong – which would be made after the summer break.

> **'We all had a week away filming in Cornwall, which was great fun!'**
>
> **Michael Craze** • DWM 275

Left: John Ringham as Blake. Right: Cherub gets his comeuppance at Pike's hand ... er, spike.

Spearheading *Doctor Who*'s fourth season, *The Smugglers* was the subject of an article in *Radio Times* on Thursday 8 September; alongside photographs of the Doctor, Cherub, Pike and the new companions in the TARDIS, a short text piece introduced the serial (as well as revealing who the smugglers were), reintroduced Polly and Ben, and emphasised Smith's work on *Doctor Finlay's Casebook*. *The Smugglers* was also promoted in part on the Friday 9 September edition of *Junior Points of View* with young viewers composing poems and commenting generally on how much they were looking forward to its return (although some indicated that they were bored with the series). Presenter Sarah Ward also gave some background to Polly ("an impulsive, with-it secretary") and Ben ("a practical, down to earth sailor") from the press release material, noting "I hope the Doctor's socks don't wear out for Polly doesn't know a thing about sewing, knitting or cooking."

The Smugglers began on Saturday 10 September, establishing *Doctor Who*'s slot as 5.50pm for the season. In opposition on ITV, the popular veterinary soap opera *Weaver's Green* was running on ATV London which most other regions screened *Opportunity Knocks!* with Hughie Greene. This strong competition meant

Polly feels a chill aboard the TARDIS ...

small ratings for *The Smugglers*; viewing figures were a million down on the end of the previous season, and five million down on the previous season's début with *Galaxy 4*. Episode 3's audience size set a new low for *Doctor Who*, while Episode 4 was outside the top 100 shows of the week. The audience appreciation figures also remained low.

BBC Enterprises marketed *The Smugglers* overseas as a set of 16mm film recordings. Australia received the serial in January 1967 for transmission in May/June 1967. Four cuts were made to the story by the Australian film censors to get it a 'G' rating: shots of Longfoot's death in Episode 1; part of Jamaica's skewering by Pike from Episode 3; Polly's screaming and Kewper's demise from Episode 3; and Pike withdrawing his blade from Cherub's body in Episode 4. The serial was repeated in April/May 1968. New Zealand purchased the story in September 1968 for broadcast between July and October 1969, with their film copies then sent on to Singapore in January 1972. The story was also purchased by Sierra Leone and Zambia in 1970 as well as the Caribbean. BBC Enterprises were still offering the serial for sale in 1974, by which time the original 405 line videotapes had been wiped. The 16mm film recordings were then junked by 1977.

Terrance Dicks novelised Hayles' scripts as *Doctor Who – The Smugglers*. This was published by WH Allen in June 1988 with a cover by Alister Pearson. The paperback edition followed from Target as Book 133 in November 1988; it was reissued with a slightly revised cover in February 1993.

Colour 8mm film of the location work for the serial shot by Donald Trewern on 22 June 1966 was included on the VHS video documentary *The Doctors: 30 Years of Time Travel and Beyond* issued by MasterVision in September 1995 and on DVD in May 2002 by Waterfall Home Entertainment. The Australian censorship cuts were located in 1996 and included in the documentary *The Missing Years* issued as part of *The Ice Warriors Collection* by BBC Worldwide in November 1998. Anneke Wills recorded narration for the serial in Dorset on Wednesday 16 January 2002; this soundtrack was subsequently released on CD by the BBC Radio Collection in May 2002.

SERIAL CC The Smugglers

CAST **William Hartnell** *Dr Who with* **George A Cooper** *Cherub*, **Michael Godfrey** *Captain Pike*, **Paul Whitsun-Jones** *Squire and* **Anneke Wills** *Polly*, **Michael Craze** *Ben with* **Terence De Marney** *Churchwarden* [1], **David Blake Kelly** *Jacob Kewper* [1-3], **Mike Lucas** *Tom* [1-3], **Derek Ware** *Spaniard* [1,4 – *also* 3, *uncredited*], **Elroy Joseph** *Jamaica* [2-3], **John Ringham** *Blake* [2-4], **Jack Bligh** *Gaptooth* [4].

EXTRAS **Les Clark** *Pirate Daniel*; **Steve Kirby, Tony Madison, Harry Tierney, Ricky Lansing, Roy Stanton, Leslie Bates** *Customers at Inn/Pirates*; **John Jose** *Cabin Boy/John*; **Gordon Craig** *Double for Dr Who*; **Richard Courtney, A R Serle, Malcolm Attmere, Dennis Symons, Philip Williams** *Pirates*; **Terry Hawes, Ted Rogers** *Pirate Rowers*; **R C F Care** *Unknown Extra*; **Raymond Bales** *Squire's Manservant (Birch)*; **Albert Ward** *Double for Dr Who's hands*; **Derek Ware** *Double for Blake*; **Terence Connolly** *Double for Jacob Kewper (corpse)*; **Richard Courtney, A R Serle, Malcolm Attmere, Reginald Hitchin, Christopher Newman, Allan Matthews, Charles Mitchell, Philip Williams, William Thomas, John Weaver, F W Stoker** *Soldiers*; **Buddy Windrush, Ian McKay, Fred Windrush, Valentino Musetti, Mike Horsburgh** *Stunt Pirates*; **Bill Weston, Malcolm Douglas, Terry Walsh, Brian Mulholland, David Newman** *Stunt Militiamen*; **George Charles, Tony Madison, Gary Wyler, Ray Marioni, Peter Day, Leslie Bates, Terence Jones** *Pirates*; **Hugh Fraser, John Guest, Bill E Raynor, Daniel Sinclair, David Pelton, Alan Lesley, Roland Robinson, Leonard Kingston** *Militiamen*.

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
Episode 1	10 September 1966	5.50pm-6.15pm	24'36"	4.3M (96th)	47
Episode 2	17 September 1966	5.50pm-6.15pm	24'27"	4.9M (77th)	45
Episode 3	24 September 1966	5.50pm-6.15pm	23'55"	4.2M (96th)	43
Episode 4	1 October 1966	5.50pm-6.15pm	23'37"	4.5M (109th)	43

CREDITS *Written by* **Brian Hayles**. *Title Music by* **Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Fight Sequence Arranged by* **Derek Ware***. *Film Cameraman* **Jimmy Court** [3-4]. *Film Editor* **Colin Eggleston** [3-4]. *Costumes by* **Daphne Dare***. *Make-Up by* **Gillian James***. *Lighting* **Cyril Wilkins***. *Sound* **Leo Sturges***. *Story Editor* **Gerry Davis**. *Designer* **Richard Hunt**. *Producer* **Innes Lloyd**. *Directed by* **Julia Smith**. BBCtv

* *Credited on Episode 4 only*

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Halliday in...

CYBERMEN! SILURIANS! DALEKS! PETER HALLIDAY HAS WORKED WITH THEM ALL. THE SIX-TIMES *DOCTOR WHO* STAR GIVES BENJAMIN COOK A PEEK INTO HIS MINISCOPE OF MEMORIES ...

"I've been in quite a lot of them." So says Peter Halliday about his extensive work on *Doctor Who*, spanning over two decades and four lead actors. "Having gotten into the *Doctor Who* production system, when something suitable came up they always used to remember me – 'Alright, Peter, would you like to do a day on this? I never used to ask exactly what it was, because I was always rather flattered to be associated with the show ..."

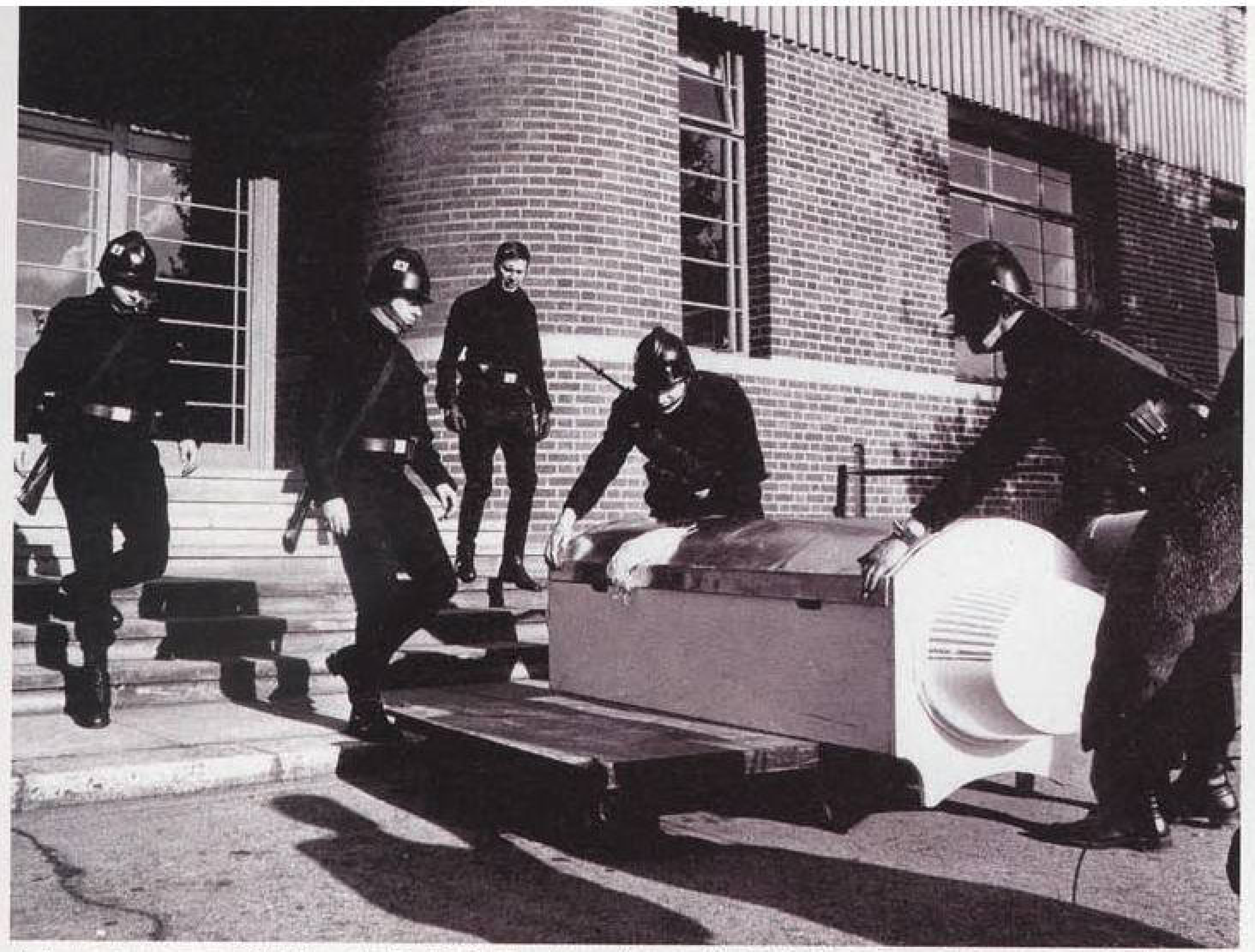
Peter entered the acting profession almost sixty decades ago – "whilst I was in the army," he reveals, "at the end of the Second World War. I was a restless teenager. I'd left school, much against my parents' wishes, and got a job sticking labels on the bums of calves at about half-past six on wet mornings in Wales! I stuck at it for nearly two years, but I wasn't happy, so I had a big row with my boss. I told him rather rudely to stuff his job. I came home early for lunch one day and told my mother that I'd jacked in my job. She went mad. And my father was very distressed. And so, as soon as I was old enough, I went into the army. I did three-and-a-half years National Service. I was in Iraq when the War finished, and then I went to Egypt, where I had a wonderful time being taught sailing by a prisoner of war – a Lieutenant Commander in the German Navy!

"We went to a bar one night," continues Peter, "and I said, 'What are you going to do?' He said: 'I'm being demobbed in about three months, and I'm going to the Bristol Old Vic. I went there a year ago when I had a month's leave. They thought my physic was very good – and I was so good-looking – that I'd make a marvellous actor!' And I hated him right from the start. 'You arrogant bastard!' I thought. 'I'm not going to apply to the Bristol Old Vic. Hmm. I'll apply to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts instead!' I had a month's leave, so I auditioned for them, and I was accepted. They held my place for a year until I was demobbed. And I've kept working fairly steadily since ..."

Left: Peter as Packer, up to no good with Kevin Stoney in *The Invasion*. Above: One of Peter's mates is zipped in. Sweat not shown!

Having found fame as the angry young scientist John Fleming in BBC's science fiction serials *A for Andromeda* and *The Andromeda Breakthrough*, Peter was cast in his first *Doctor Who* serial, playing sinister security chief Packer in Season Six smash hit *The Invasion* – "a rather nice lucrative little bit to do! Odd episodes didn't pay any money in those days, but *The Invasion* was an epic – eight parts, wasn't it?" What was *Doctor Who* like to work on back in 1968? "I don't think anybody took it particularly seriously," he chuckles. "We just played it for laughs, which was always fun to do. They hadn't a budget or anything like that. The scenery used to shake and anything could go wrong. When you see mates of yours climbing out of heavy Cyberman costumes completely dripping in sweat ... *that* was really scary!"

The main guest star for *The Invasion* was Kevin Stoney, playing power-hungry Tobias Vaughn, "who was my boss, wasn't he? Aah yes! A lovely man – Kenny that is! He was a well-known actor in his own right, but we're both only remembered for the bits we did in *Doctor Who*. Hah! Kenny isn't remembered for any of the character parts that he played in lots of other things. He was a very good actor. And he was a sweet man to work with."



Packer oversees a special delivery to IE. (As they're all standing unaided, this scene was probably filmed *before* lunch!)

A Guinness factory in Acton stood in for Vaughn's International Electromatics site. "The most wonderful thing! 'We're going to have a few Guinnesses!' we thought, and we did ... We filmed in the morning, but ... I had to race around brandishing my gun – a bit of chasing around those rather stark blocks of fairly anonymous-looking buildings, and we finished about lunchtime – and then they brought out the Guinness! We didn't get much done in the afternoon!" Douglas Camfield, who directed *The Invasion*, was "one of the senior directors on *Doctor Who* for a long time. He was fun to work with, but he laid down the law, I remember." What makes a good director? "Organisation. An ability to make sure that you get the shot that you want. And to get on well with your cast ..."

Peter as Pletrac (do you notice a 'P' theme emerging here?), with Leslie Dwyer as Vorg in *Carnival of Monsters*. © BBC VIDEO

Peter describes Packer as "a bit of a bad egg! He was a bully! I remember being zapped by a Cyberman and turned into negative, which made my children scream when they saw it on telly." How should an actor die convincingly? "You have to wave your arms about and fall over, which doesn't require great dramatic acting! And you close your eyes – or, if you want to be particularly sophisticated, keep your eyes open until the cameras stop rolling."

'My children screamed when they saw me zapped by a Cyberman on telly!'

He also provided voices for various Cyberman in *The Invasion* – "with a little help from voice modulators. And then they asked me back a while later, so I must have sounded scary enough!" In Season Seven, Peter voiced an assortment of monsters and aliens – in both *Doctor Who and the Silurians* and *The Ambassadors of Death*. "They used to give me a canvas chair in the studio," he recalls, "like a director's chair on a movie set, which said 'PETER' on the back, and underneath was a terrible Silurian face. And I didn't have to learn lines, which was wonderful. I had a marvellous time. There were no mouthpieces on the Silurian costumes, but the leading Silurian had a lot of dialogue, which probably looked a little odd.

"The voice is a very important part of being an actor," Peter stresses, "which sounds rather pompous, but it serves you the truth – whatever you're doing, however good or bad the script, it has to be made entirely believable. You have to believe in what you're saying.' Did Peter get in touch with his Silurian side, then? "Yes, I did! I mean, even a monster has a heart – a feeling, an emotion. You don't agonise about it – study monsters or whatever – but you must make dialogue believable, however extraordinary. There were lots of times on *Doctor Who* when there simply wasn't time to sit and argue – 'I can't possibly say that! That's absolutely ridiculous.' One of the famous stars once said: 'You only have to cultivate a funny voice to be successful, dear boy!' I don't think that's entirely true, but it has probably worked for me!"

Perhaps Peter's most celebrated *Doctor Who* role was Pletrac in *Carnival of Monsters* – a serial that has only just been released on DVD. "*Carnival of Monsters* was a wonderful idea," he enthuses, "where the old boy had the box and they all grew to a fantastic size ... And one or two people got munched by monsters, but they didn't have the technology that they have nowadays – *Jurassic Park*-style digital effects. The monsters in *Carnival* were hand puppets. You stood in front of a blue screen, and screamed and shouted, and raised your arms in horror, and then they superimposed a glove puppet munching you!" He shakes his head, smiling. "'Extraordinary!"

ICE PUBLIC CALL BO

Above: Peter as the unnamed soldier (bet it's Paul or something) in *City of Death*. Below: As Rev Parkinson (told you!) in *Remembrance*.

Peter remembers his Pletrac make-up taking quite some time to apply: "I had a grey bald wig thing, and my face was covered in grey, and I was red under the eyes. I was a very unappealing-looking thing – and it was rather heavy-ish. I think they covered my hands in grey paint as well. And I had a robe on – but it was just me underneath. Oh no, really! I didn't have to do very much acting – just be rather more pompous than I usually am. Pletrac was rather remote, you see, rather stuffy, uptight ... One or two people have sent me pictures of him to sign and send back, and one of my sons said, 'Who the hell is that? Is that you?'

"I was doing a play many year later at Television Centre," smiles Peter, "and old Leslie Dwyer [Vorg] was there doing a different play. He approached me and said: 'Have you bloody heard?' I said: 'What?' He said: '*Carnival of* Sodding *Monsters* is being shown again on terrestrial television. I had a cheque the other day. Bloody marvellous!' I waited for two or three days and, sure enough, a cheque came through. I was delighted! I should get another one soon for the DVD, shouldn't I?" Will *Carnival of Monsters* still appeal to a modern audience? "I don't know who receives DVD. I think a very young audience would like *Carnival of Monsters* if it were accessible to them – like fairy stories or whatever. And so many children watch television anyway ...

"Hmm. Jon Pertwee was in colour, wasn't he? And Nick Courtney [Lethbridge Stewart] is still going strong, I'm glad to see! I haven't seen him in years, but we used to have laughs together. He wasn't in *Carnival of Monsters*, but he had been in all my other ones up to that point. The regulars were always very glad to see anybody. We all used to mix in ..." Was there no such thing as a lead actor, then? "There wasn't any time for temperament. Hmm. I don't know ... I think maybe Jon used to throw his weight about a bit, but we never took him too seriously – we'd just say, 'Oh, shut up!' He wanted to be regarded as a sort of literary character. He asked me to work on a programme with him, actually ... I suggested that he ought to do a, sort of, life story, and I devised a programme for him – about his own life and his literary tastes – but he never took the idea up, sadly."

'Jon used to throw his weight about a bit, but we'd all just tell him to shut up!'

Peter's fondest *Doctor Who* memories are of Patrick Troughton, however: "He brought more fun to the character – and the show – than any of the others. Jon Pertwee was all right, but he was always Jon Pertwee. I was rather surprised that he was offered the part. Oh no – I liked Pat more than I liked anybody. He was a lovely man – a very good actor in his own right. He used to say: 'I'm never going to do theatre again. I don't want to do it. You just stand on stage and shout. I can do much more subtle things than that.' I said: 'What – like playing Doctor Who?' 'Erm – well, no, I wasn't particularly thinking of that ...'"

That "lovely man" Pat Troughton on location for *The Invasion*.

When Peter next appeared in *Doctor Who*, Tom Baker ("silly long scarf – heh, heh!") had taken over the title role. "He was lovely to work with," smiles Peter, remembering Season Seventeen sensation *City of Death*, "but I'm sure he could be quite difficult. He didn't suffer fools gladly at all – but he was quite an intellectual, so if you could match him on literature and classical stuff you were fine. We got on fairly well. I found him quirky enough." As well as providing a television newsreader's voice, the Fourth Doctor's thought track, and Jagaroth voices, Peter appeared in front of the camera as a soldier in Leonardo da Vinci's studio in Florence. "That was a sort of Renaissance thing, wasn't it? Quite funny! I only had a few moments in *City of Death*, really, but we had a laugh. Julian Glover [Count Scarlioni] was slightly remote, I suppose, but never mind ..."

Some years later, Peter returned to *Doctor Who* in yet another fan favourite – Season Twenty-Five's *Remembrance of the Daleks*. And this time, he had an ancient Gallifreyan relic to bury ... "I've played so many vicars," he chides, "and I really don't know why! I'm most un-vicar-ish. I've lived a very un-vicar-like life indeed – but it's money, isn't it? You just say: 'Oh well, yes, I'll do that, I suppose.'" Peter played Reverend Parkinson in *Remembrance*, which required him to "wander around a cemetery for a couple of days with Sylvester McCoy." Never mind. What was the Scottish one like to work with? "Sylvester was nice to meet. I'd worked with him at the National, so we talked about theatre a bit. He was very funny. Hah, hah!"

Peter is keen to assure me that he "went on to do other bigger things than playing little bits in *Doctor Who* – a few films, leading roles in television ... And I've been to China, Morocco, South America, Africa, Spain, Germany, France ... All over the world. What I wanted to do as an actor was travel, but you didn't travel much in *Doctor Who* ..." Any unfulfilled ambitions? "I'm too old to bother with ambitions. There are parts that I could play in theatre, but it's too much hard work. I still do odd bits of filming now and again, especially if it involves location work and a nice hotel, but acting is hardly a glamorous profession. You meet some wonderful and fascinating people, and have lots of laughs, which is the main thing. I'm very lucky to keep going."

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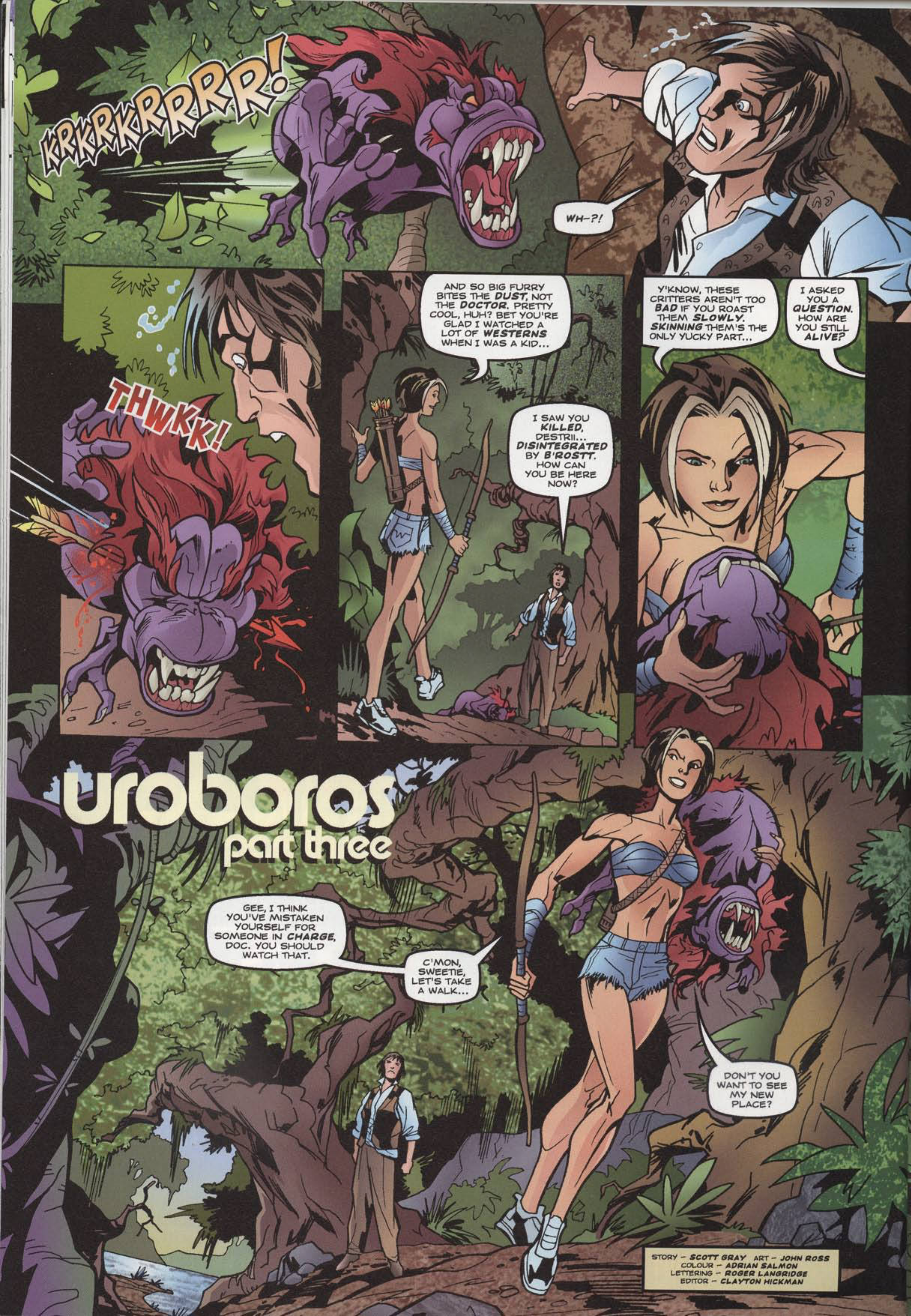
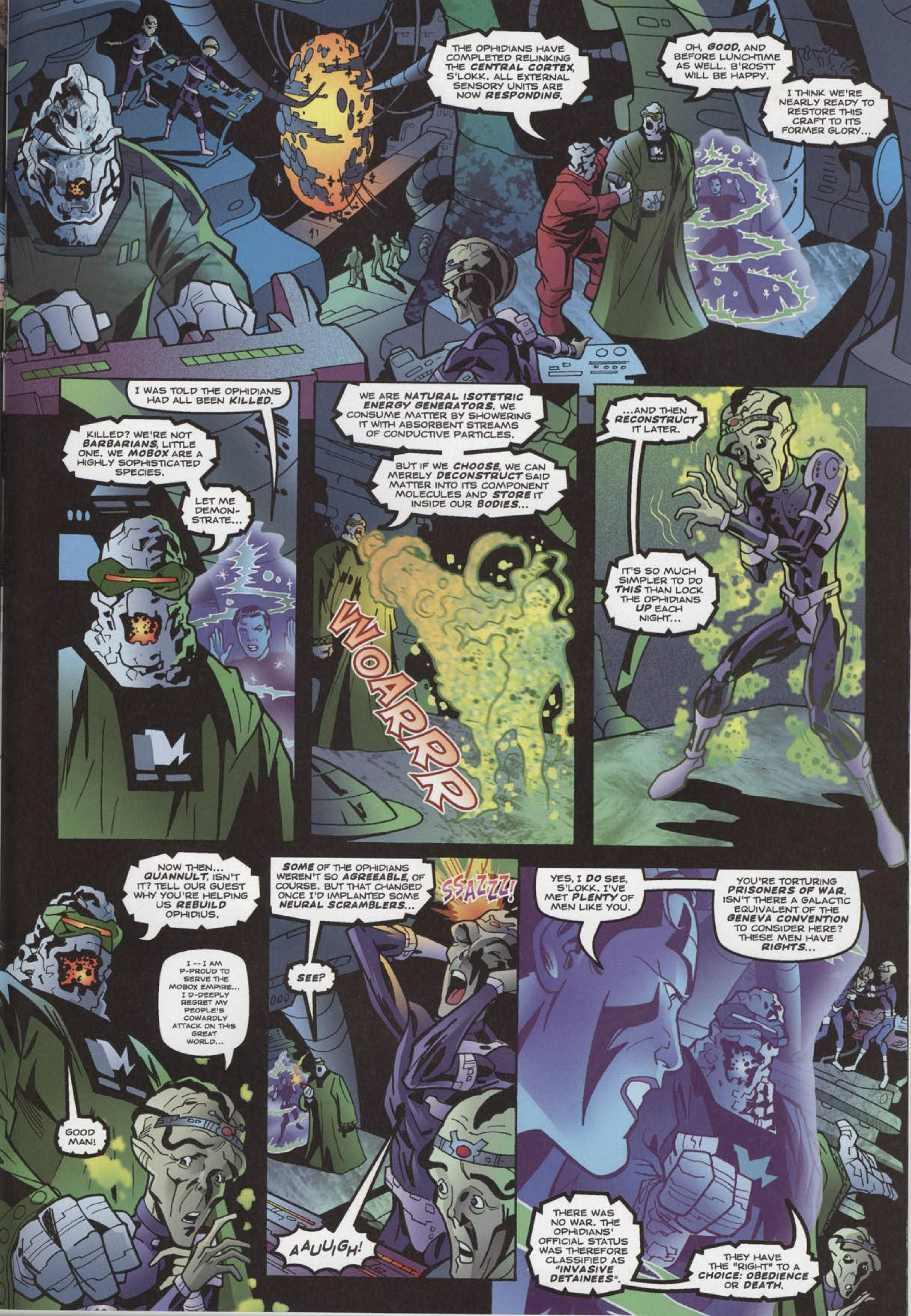
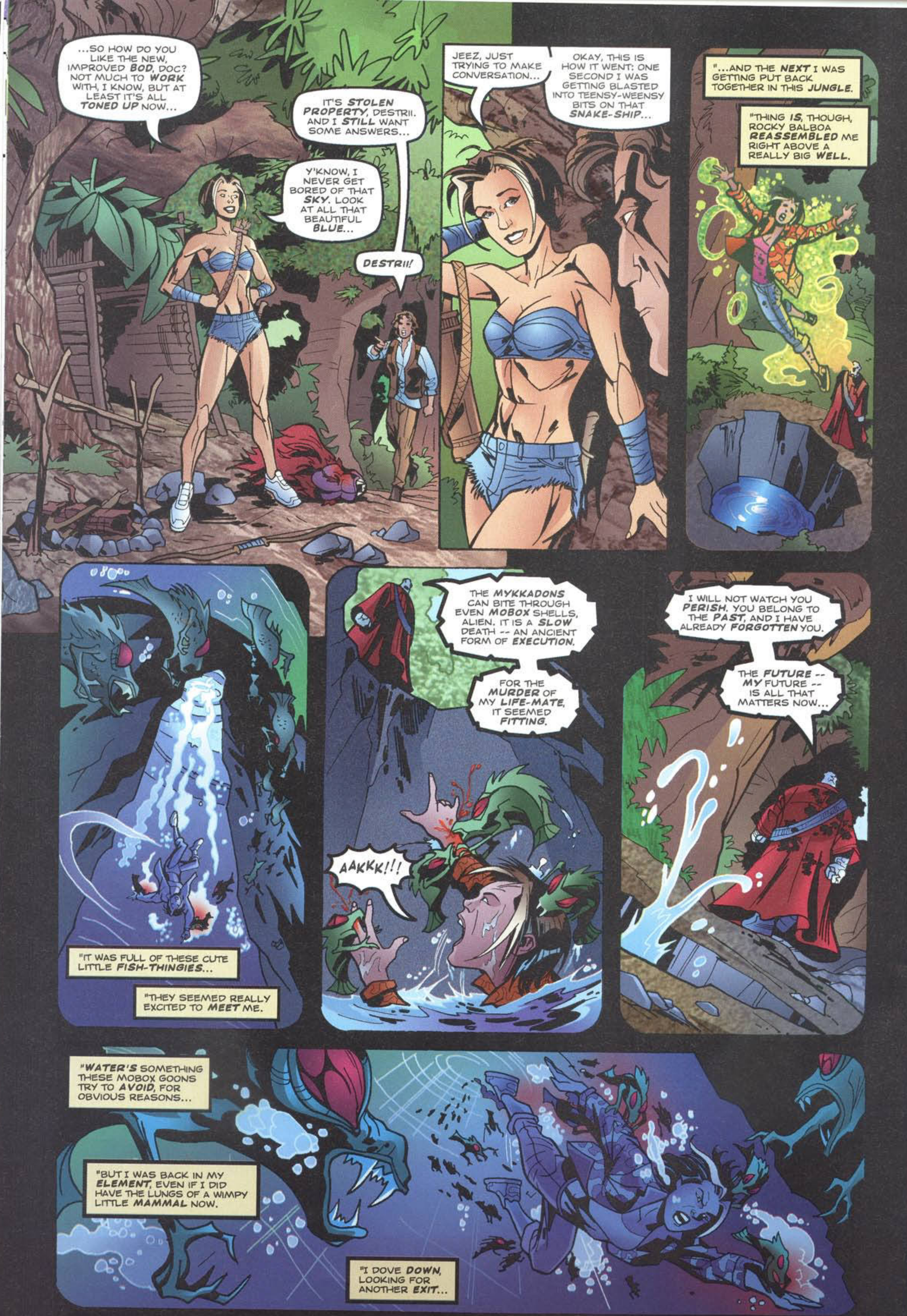
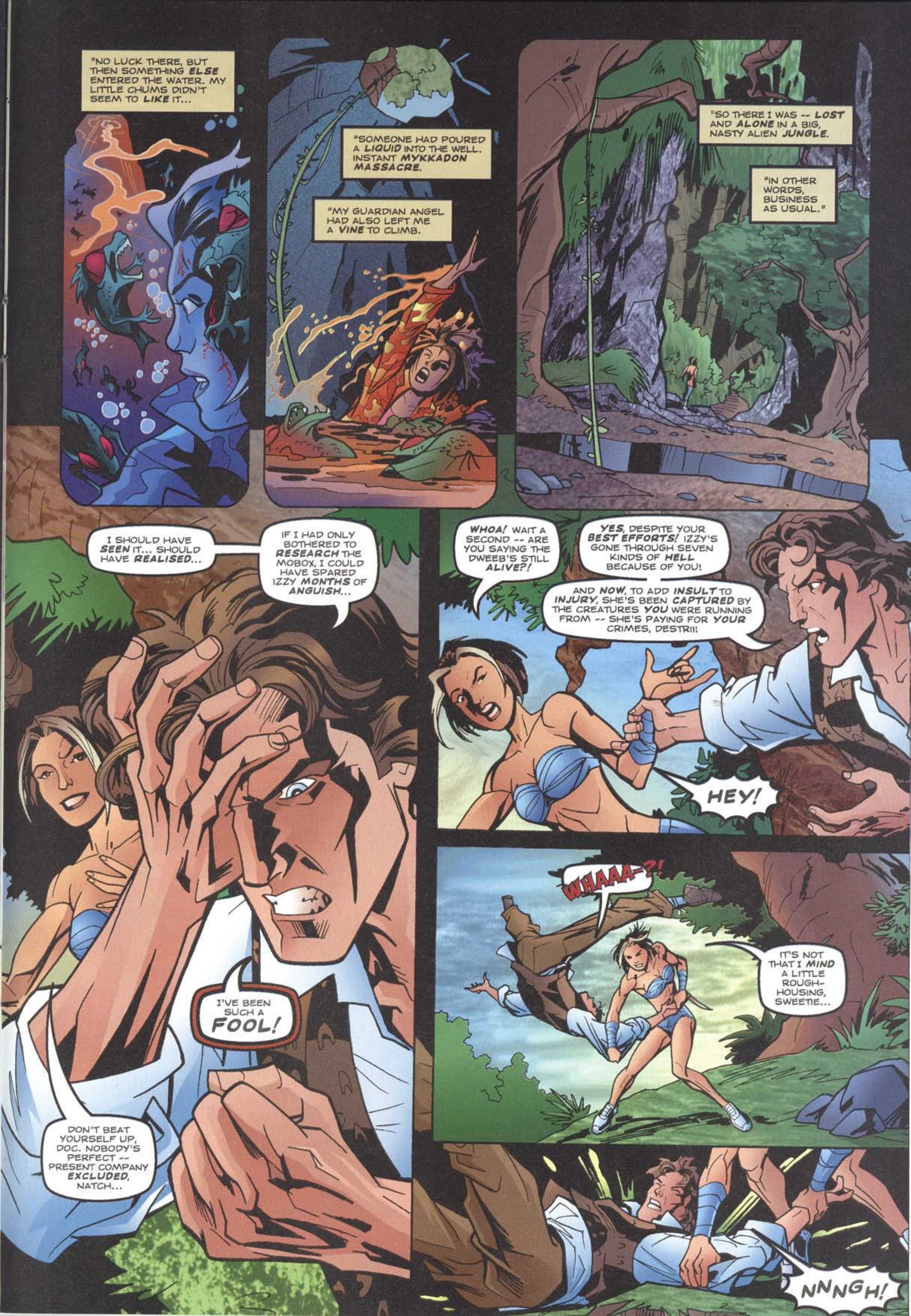

KRKRKRRRR!
WH–?!
THWKK!
AND SO BIG FURRY BITES THE DUST, NOT THE DOCTOR. PRETTY COOL, HUH? BET YOU'RE GLAD I WATCHED A LOT OF WESTERNS WHEN I WAS A KID...
I SAW YOU KILLED, DESTRII... DISINTEGRATED BY B'ROSTT. HOW CAN YOU BE HERE NOW?
Y'KNOW, THESE CRITTERS AREN'T TOO BAD IF YOU ROAST THEM SLOWLY. SKINNING THEM'S THE ONLY YUCKY PART...
I ASKED YOU A QUESTION. HOW ARE YOU STILL ALIVE?
GEE, I THINK YOU'VE MISTAKEN YOURSELF FOR SOMEONE IN CHARGE, DOC. YOU SHOULD WATCH THAT.
C'MON, SWEETIE, LET'S TAKE A WALK...
DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE MY NEW PLACE?

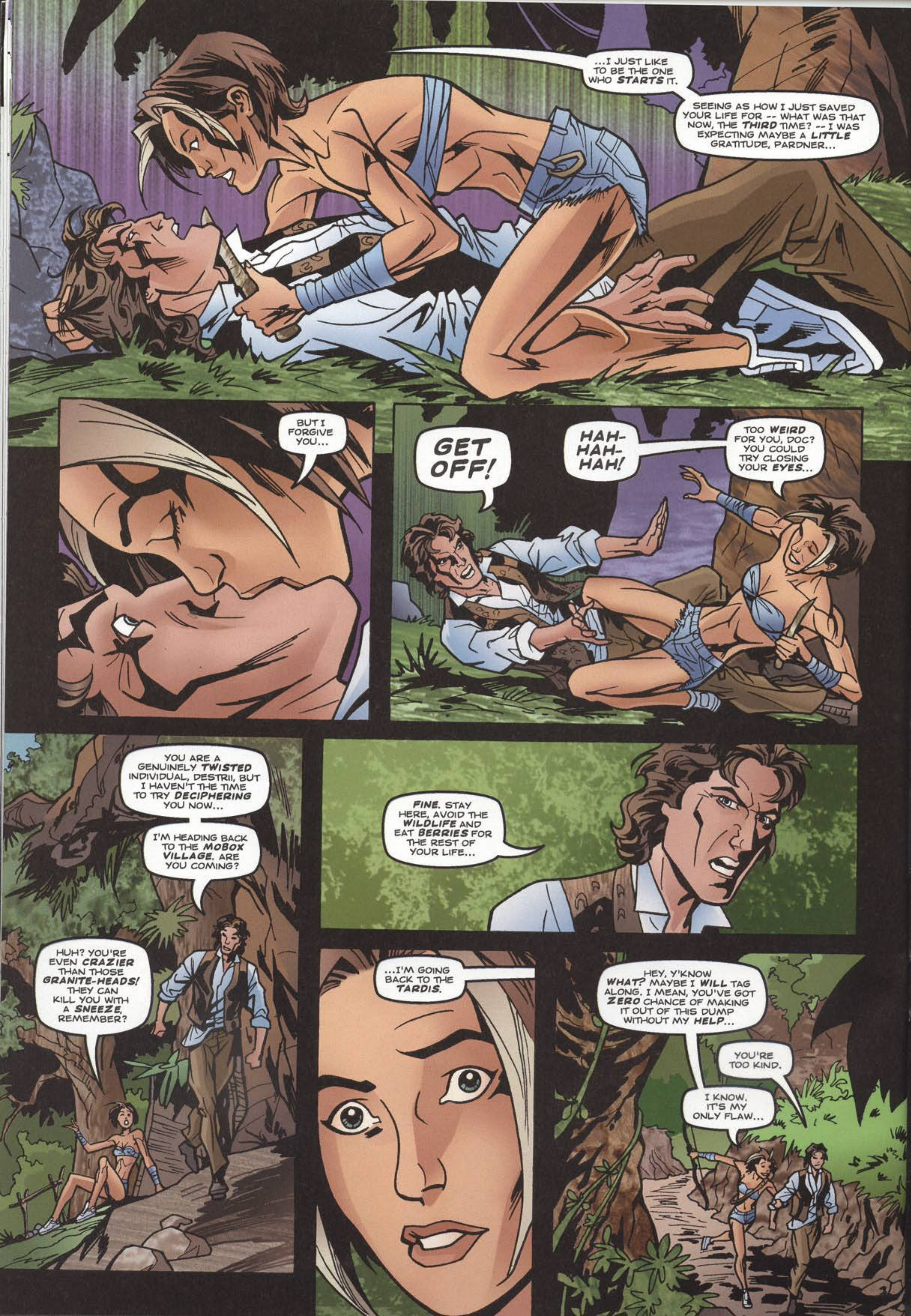
uroboros
part three

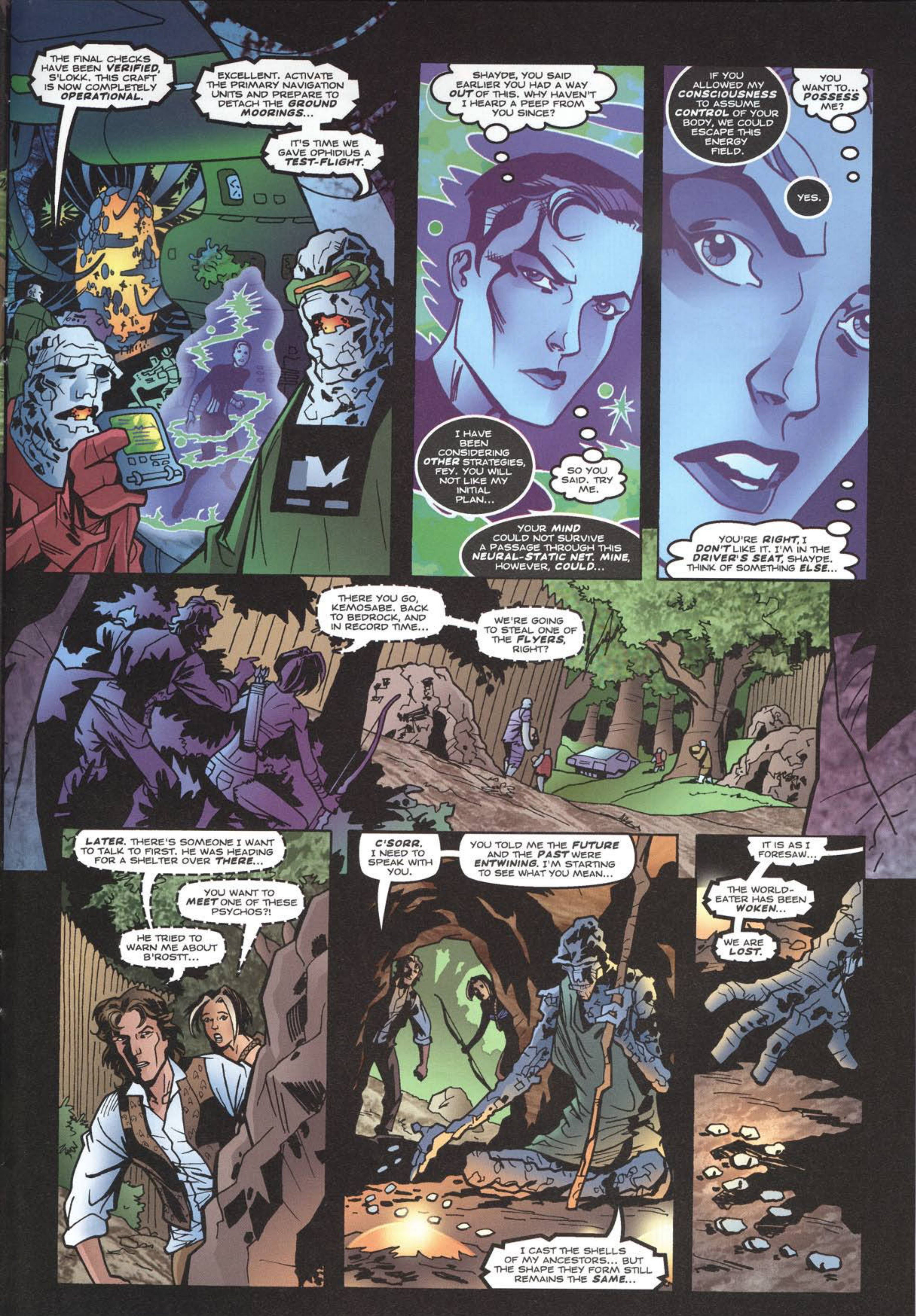
STORY – SCOTT GRAY ART – JOHN ROSS
COLOUR – ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING – ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITOR – CLAYTON HICKMAN

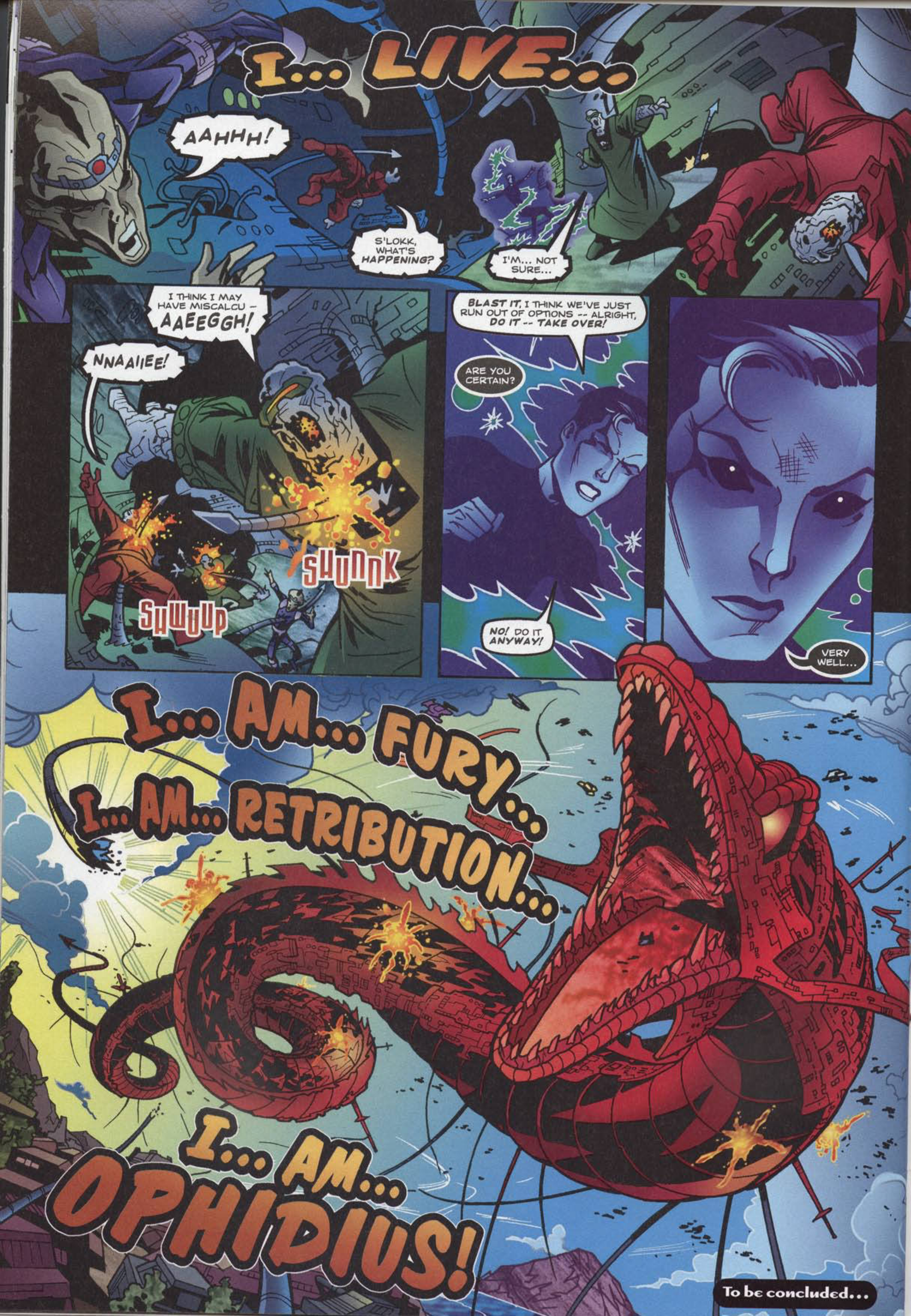

THE OPHIDIANS HAVE COMPLETED RELINKING THE CENTRAL CORTEX, S'LOKK. ALL EXTERNAL SENSORY UNITS ARE NOW RESPONDING.
OH, GOOD, AND BEFORE LUNCHTIME AS WELL. B'ROSTT WILL BE HAPPY.
I THINK WE'RE NEARLY READY TO RESTORE THIS CRAFT TO ITS FORMER GLORY...
I WAS TOLD THE OPHIDIANS HAD ALL BEEN KILLED.
KILLED? WE'RE NOT BARBARIANS, LITTLE ONE. WE MOBOX ARE A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED SPECIES.
LET ME DEMONSTRATE...
WE ARE NATURAL ISOTETRIC ENERGY GENERATORS. WE CONSUME MATTER BY SHOWERING IT WITH ABSORBENT STREAMS OF CONDUCTIVE PARTICLES.
BUT IF WE CHOOSE, WE CAN MERELY DECONSTRUCT SAID MATTER INTO ITS COMPONENT MOLECULES AND STORE IT INSIDE OUR BODIES...
WOARRR
...AND THEN RECONSTRUCT IT LATER.
IT'S SO MUCH SIMPLER TO DO THIS THAN LOCK THE OPHIDIANS UP EACH NIGHT...
NOW THEN... QUANNULT, ISN'T IT? TELL OUR GUEST WHY YOU'RE HELPING US REBUILD OPHIDIUS.
I -- I AM P-PROUD TO SERVE THE MOBOX EMPIRE... I D-DEEPLY REGRET MY PEOPLE'S COWARDLY ATTACK ON THIS GREAT WORLD...
GOOD MAN!
SOME OF THE OPHIDIANS WEREN'T SO AGREEABLE, OF COURSE. BUT THAT CHANGED ONCE I'D IMPLANTED SOME NEURAL SCRAMBLERS...
SSAZZZ!
SEE?
AAUUIGH!
YES, I DO SEE, S'LOKK. I'VE MET PLENTY OF MEN LIKE YOU.
YOU'RE TORTURING PRISONERS OF WAR. ISN'T THERE A GALACTIC EQUIVALENT OF THE GENEVA CONVENTION TO CONSIDER HERE? THESE MEN HAVE RIGHTS...
THERE WAS NO WAR. THE OPHIDIANS' OFFICIAL STATUS WAS THEREFORE CLASSIFIED AS "INVASIVE DETAINEES".
THEY HAVE THE "RIGHT" TO A CHOICE: OBEDIENCE OR DEATH.


...SO HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW, IMPROVED BOD, DOC? NOT MUCH TO WORK WITH, I KNOW, BUT AT LEAST IT'S ALL TONED UP NOW...
IT'S STOLEN PROPERTY, DESTRII. AND I STILL WANT SOME ANSWERS...
Y'KNOW, I NEVER GET BORED OF THAT SKY. LOOK AT ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL BLUE...
DESTRII!
JEEZ, JUST TRYING TO MAKE CONVERSATION...
OKAY, THIS IS HOW IT WENT: ONE SECOND I WAS GETTING BLASTED INTO TEENSY-WEENSY BITS ON THAT SNAKE-SHIP...
"...AND THE NEXT I WAS GETTING PUT BACK TOGETHER IN THIS JUNGLE.
"THING IS, THOUGH, ROCKY BALBOA REASSEMBLED ME RIGHT ABOVE A REALLY BIG WELL.
"IT WAS FULL OF THESE CUTE LITTLE FISH-THINGIES...
"THEY SEEMED REALLY EXCITED TO MEET ME.
THE MYKKADONS CAN BITE THROUGH EVEN MOBOX SHELLS, ALIEN. IT IS A SLOW DEATH -- AN ANCIENT FORM OF EXECUTION.
FOR THE MURDER OF MY LIFE-MATE, IT SEEMED FITTING.
AAKKK!!!
I WILL NOT WATCH YOU PERISH. YOU BELONG TO THE PAST, AND I HAVE ALREADY FORGOTTEN YOU.
THE FUTURE -- MY FUTURE -- IS ALL THAT MATTERS NOW...
"WATER'S SOMETHING THESE MOBOX GOONS TRY TO AVOID, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS...
"BUT I WAS BACK IN MY ELEMENT, EVEN IF I DID HAVE THE LUNGS OF A WIMPY LITTLE MAMMAL NOW.
"I DOVE DOWN, LOOKING FOR ANOTHER EXIT...


"NO LUCK THERE, BUT THEN SOMETHING *ELSE* ENTERED THE WATER. MY LITTLE CHUMS DIDN'T SEEM TO *LIKE* IT...
"SOMEONE HAD POURED A *LIQUID* INTO THE WELL. INSTANT *MYKKADON MASSACRE*.
"MY GUARDIAN ANGEL HAD ALSO LEFT ME A *VINE* TO CLIMB.
"SO THERE I WAS -- *LOST* AND *ALONE* IN A BIG, NASTY ALIEN *JUNGLE*.
"IN OTHER WORDS, BUSINESS AS USUAL."
I SHOULD HAVE *SEEN* IT... SHOULD HAVE *REALISED*...
IF I HAD ONLY BOTHERED TO *RESEARCH* THE MOBOX, I COULD HAVE SPARED IZZY *MONTHS* OF *ANGUISH*...
I'VE BEEN SUCH A *FOOL!*
DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP, DOC. NOBODY'S PERFECT -- PRESENT COMPANY *EXCLUDED*, NATCH...
WHOA! WAIT A SECOND -- ARE YOU SAYING THE DWEEB'S STILL *ALIVE?!*
YES, DESPITE YOUR *BEST EFFORTS!* IZZY'S GONE THROUGH SEVEN KINDS OF *HELL* BECAUSE OF YOU!
AND *NOW*, TO ADD *INSULT* TO *INJURY*, SHE'S BEEN *CAPTURED* BY THE CREATURES *YOU* WERE RUNNING FROM -- SHE'S PAYING FOR *YOUR* CRIMES, DESTRII!
HEY!
WHAAA-?!
IT'S NOT THAT I *MIND* A LITTLE ROUGH-HOUSING, SWEETIE...
NNNGH!


...I JUST LIKE TO BE THE ONE WHO STARTS IT.
SEEING AS HOW I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE FOR -- WHAT WAS THAT NOW, THE THIRD TIME? -- I WAS EXPECTING MAYBE A LITTLE GRATITUDE, PARDNER...
BUT I FORGIVE YOU...
GET OFF!
HAH-HAH-HAH!
TOO WEIRD FOR YOU, DOC? YOU COULD TRY CLOSING YOUR EYES...
YOU ARE A GENUINELY TWISTED INDIVIDUAL, DESTRII, BUT I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO TRY DECIPHERING YOU NOW...
I'M HEADING BACK TO THE MOBOX VILLAGE. ARE YOU COMING?
FINE. STAY HERE, AVOID THE WILDLIFE AND EAT BERRIES FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE...
HUH? YOU'RE EVEN CRAZIER THAN THOSE GRANITE-HEADS! THEY CAN KILL YOU WITH A SNEEZE, REMEMBER?
...I'M GOING BACK TO THE TARDIS.
HEY, Y'KNOW WHAT? MAYBE I WILL TAG ALONG. I MEAN, YOU'VE GOT ZERO CHANCE OF MAKING IT OUT OF THIS DUMP WITHOUT MY HELP...
YOU'RE TOO KIND.
I KNOW. IT'S MY ONLY FLAW...


THE FINAL CHECKS HAVE BEEN **VERIFIED**, S'LOKK. THIS CRAFT IS NOW COMPLETELY **OPERATIONAL**.
EXCELLENT. ACTIVATE THE PRIMARY NAVIGATION UNITS AND PREPARE TO DETACH THE **GROUND MOORINGS**...
IT'S TIME WE GAVE OPHIDIUS A **TEST-FLIGHT**.
SHAYDE, YOU SAID EARLIER YOU HAD A WAY **OUT** OF THIS. WHY HAVEN'T I HEARD A PEEP FROM YOU SINCE?
I HAVE BEEN CONSIDERING **OTHER** STRATEGIES, FEY. YOU WILL NOT LIKE MY INITIAL PLAN...
SO YOU SAID. TRY ME.
YOUR **MIND** COULD NOT SURVIVE A PASSAGE THROUGH THIS **NEURAL-STATIC NET. MINE**, HOWEVER, **COULD**...
IF YOU ALLOWED MY **CONSCIOUSNESS** TO ASSUME **CONTROL** OF YOUR BODY, WE COULD ESCAPE THIS ENERGY FIELD.
YOU WANT TO... **POSSESS** ME?
YES.
YOU'RE **RIGHT**, I **DON'T** LIKE IT. I'M IN THE **DRIVER'S SEAT**, SHAYDE. THINK OF SOMETHING **ELSE**...
THERE YOU GO, KEMOSABE. BACK TO BEDROCK, AND IN RECORD TIME...
WE'RE GOING TO STEAL ONE OF THE **FLYERS**, RIGHT?
LATER. THERE'S SOMEONE I WANT TO TALK TO FIRST. HE WAS HEADING FOR A SHELTER OVER **THERE**...
YOU WANT TO **MEET** ONE OF THESE PSYCHOS?!
HE TRIED TO WARN ME ABOUT B'ROSTT...
C'SORR. I NEED TO SPEAK WITH YOU.
YOU TOLD ME THE **FUTURE** AND THE **PAST** WERE **ENTWINING**. I'M STARTING TO SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...
I CAST THE SHELLS OF MY ANCESTORS... BUT THE SHAPE THEY FORM STILL REMAINS THE **SAME**...
IT IS AS I FORESAW...
THE WORLD-EATER HAS BEEN **WOKEN**...
WE ARE **LOST**.


I... LIVE...
AAHHH!
S'LOKK, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I'M... NOT SURE...
I THINK I MAY HAVE MISCALCU -- AAAEEGGH!
NNAAIIEE!
SHUNNK
SHWUUP
BLAST IT, I THINK WE'VE JUST RUN OUT OF OPTIONS -- ALRIGHT, DO IT -- TAKE OVER!
ARE YOU CERTAIN?
NO! DO IT ANYWAY!
VERY WELL...
I... AM... FURY...
I... AM... RETRIBUTION...
I... AM... OPHIDIUS!
To be concluded...

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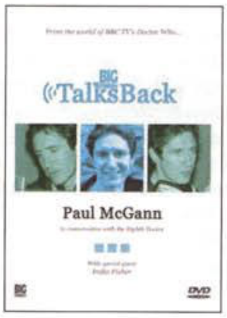
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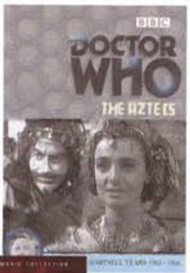
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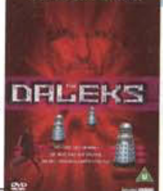

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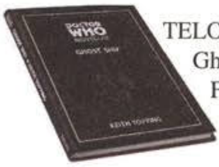

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The DWM Review

Rewarding

Never say never again?

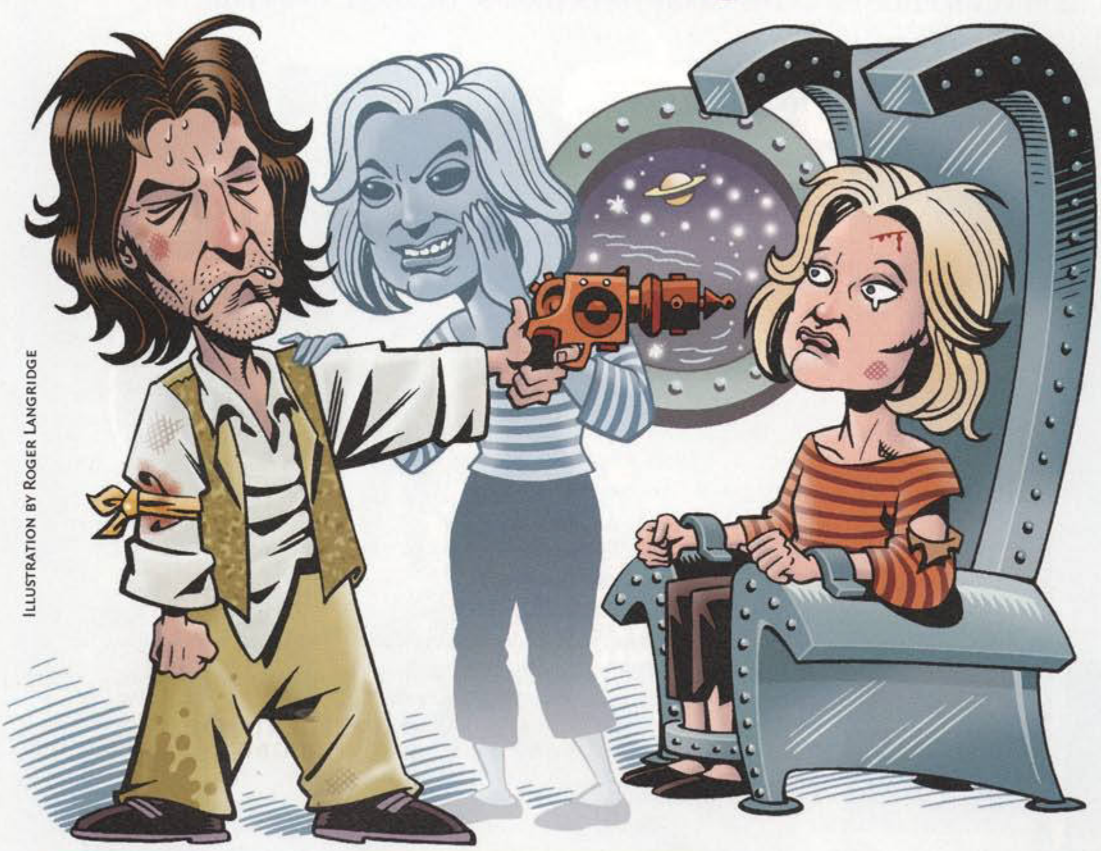


Illustration by Roger Langridge

WARNING! Spoilers ahead

It's **Doctor Who Magazine***'s policy to review new* Doctor Who *adventures as fully as possible, from beginning to end – so if you've not yet read or listened to the books and audios under discussion in this issue, and you don't want their plots to be given away, stop reading now!*

DOCTOR WHO: NEVERLAND

AUDIO DRAMA Big Finish
AUTHOR Alan Barnes
RRP £13.99

Time Lords. Gallifrey. Rassilon. A returning companion. Reams of scientific exposition. A plot hidden within a scheme at the heart of an anomaly. With these ingredients, *Neverland* sounds like a recipe for disaster. It is, in fact, anything but – although its undoubted appeal should not provoke its makers into believing that this is what *Doctor Who* should be like *all* the time.

Doctor Who is sustained by polar opposites. It's easy to see why – with limited time to describe elements, it's economic to depict absolute good versus absolute evil – they're instantly recognisable and easy to latch on to. The core premise of *Neverland* is just as straightforward. The term "web of time" was bandied about frequently in the TV series' declining years, yet never explicitly explained. Instead it was used as a latter-day Blinovitch Limitation Effect – a cop-out to justify the Doctor's action or inaction. Now, writer Alan Barnes pins it down, describing it as a rigid formatting of history, instituted by Time Lord founding father Rassillon to structure time and prevent paradox and chaos. Cheekily, in this quantum-savvy age, he posits a Newtonian consequence: having brought into being Time with a capital T, an equal and opposite Anti-Time must exist. An engagingly ludicrous idea, it is embodied in *Doctor Who*'s quintessentially domestic way as a hidden dimension one can enter via a magic portal.

Tidily, this dimension – the Neverland of the title – is where those dissidents dispersed by the Time Lords, sentenced to never having existed at all, end up. Like an intellectual remake of *The Five Doctors*, *Neverland* has the zealous Time Lord Co-ordinator Vansell embarking on a fool's errand into this Un-Death Zone to retrieve his hero and sweep to power. To do so, he needs Charley Pollard; not merely a walking paradox, but, it transpires, the gateway between dimensions. The portents to this story have been trailed scruffily across its predecessors, with several characters making incongruously pasted-in, suspense-generating appearances. So it comes as a relief to finally discover that India Fisher was playing Sentris, the Stalin of Gallifrey, at the end of *Seasons of Fear* ... and that Don Warrington was playing Rassilon.

> **This noble, funny, vibrant, caring Doctor cannot kill his friend – because he loves her ...**

Gasps of astonishment at this allusion to the series' past will have been few, I fancy, since this instalment wallows in those that have gone before. I usually admire the restraint shown by *Doctor Who* writers who can contribute to the series without alluding excessively to its mythology, but upon consideration, there are good and bad ways of doing this. When the Doctor observes that the Time Station he and Charley are snared in is built from Tinclavic, it does little other than cause the idiot-savant such as I to observe "Ah yes, mined on Raaga by incarcerated Tereleptils" (and curse God for having made me this way). On the other hand, alluding in the same production to Gallifrey's Transduction Barriers and its singing fish, each products of utterly disjointed visions, strengthens the bonds between other stories, and feels hugely satisfying. Thankfully, *Neverland* veers more towards the latter path.

This feels more like a Time Lord story than either of Big Finish's previous two attempts, not least because of a perfect homage to Dudley Simpson's *Deadly Assassin* score. But for all the Time Lore on hand, *Neverland* has a very human heart. While the Doctor of this month's other release, *Excelis Decays* [see page 46] might have been prepared to deposit Charley back on the stricken *R-101* as it plummeted to Earth and leave history uncorrupted by her time-haemorrhaging, Paul McGann's noble, funny, vibrant, caring, wonderful incarnation cannot ... because he loves her. And she loves him. Explicitly, unashamedly, and movingly. When her voice cracks as she implores the Doctor to kill her and solve the problem tidily, one realises that, as only select few pairings before have done, these two people have become family.

Neverland is significantly easier to follow than it's predecessor, *The Time of the Daleks*, but rather harder to visualise. Perhaps this is due to Barnes' experience helming this magazine's comic strip, with several scenes sounding as if they require full page panels, filled with cosmic maelstroms, while onlookers' thought bubbles tell us what we need to know. Charmingly, though, Anti-Time crackles like *The Three Doctors*' anti-matter, so it's possible to guess in advance who's been got at by it.

This, the first of two audio releases this month to end an 'arc', does so brilliantly; adding overall value, justifying apparently arbitrary earlier events, and prompting a repeat listening. All the instalments of this season have been satisfying individually – but now, with *Neverland*, loyalty is rewarded, with the play resolving very nearly all of the still-open issues. Yet, ongoing interest is sustained with a cliffhanger of such boldness as to rival the planned conclusion to *The Trial of a Time Lord*. To hear Paul McGann, whose self-affirming litany has been a beaming "I am the Doctor!", bawl "I am *not* the Doctor" is to be taken back to one's childhood; shocked, frightened, but desperate to know what happens next ... Dave Owen

Impersonal

THE EIGHTH DOCTOR'S LATEST OUTING IS AN EDUCATION ...

DOCTOR WHO: HISTORY 101

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR MAGS L HALLIDAY
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0563 538 546

There's a moment in *History 101* when Fitz bemoans, "Oh bloody hell! It's another alternative history thingy, isn't it?" Although it turns out that he isn't quite right – the novel is about alternative *perceptions* of history rather than changed timelines – his weary anticipation of yet more monkeying about with causality strikes a chord with this reviewer. There's a danger that the Eighth Doctor books will become too preoccupied with their ongoing exploration of false histories and *Sapphire and Steel*-style battles with Time, forgetting that *Doctor Who*'s strength has always lain in the diversity of its plots and settings.

Fortunately, Mags L Halliday chooses not to have her villain follow in the well-worn footsteps of the Meddling Monk *et al* by altering the course of historical events. Instead, the Absolute, an observer from the mysterious System, wishes to influence the interpretation of the Spanish Civil War of 1937 so that he can impose a single, undisputed version of history. By changing the way people see events, the Absolute can change their beliefs and, ultimately, alter human culture and society.

It's an interesting theory, and one that is well illustrated by Halliday's choice of setting. The overwhelming number of factions – Communists, Nationalists, Anarchists – fighting in the civil war demonstrate the many points of view that can be applied to the same historical event. Matters are further complicated by the spin that journalists apply to the events they report, and by the way in which people behave differently when they know they're being watched. Over the course of the novel, the reader is encouraged to question the idea of a single historical truth in favour of multiple perspectives, each of which is equally valid.

The plot is built around these ideas. Fitz is sent off to observe the destruction of Guernica while the Doctor and Anji investigate odd goings on in Barcelona. Meanwhile Eric Blair, *aka* George Orwell, is taken over by a monster from Picasso's nightmares, all overlapping cubes and strange angles. Around the edges lurks Sabbath, pursuing his own shadowy agenda as usual.

A note of urgency is added to the proceedings by the TARDIS' descent into decrepitude. Lit only by a single, bare light bulb and with wires exposed, this isn't the result of the BBC tightening its belt (or should that be shoestring?) yet again, but a defence mechanism to protect against the instability of the Absolute.

But in truth, the characters and story come a distant second to Halliday's desire to explore her thesis. Although we are treated to some fine scenes along the way – the destruction of Guernica from various viewpoints, Anji's horror at the thought of being stranded with her foreknowledge in 1937, the Doctor delighting in restoring anarchy to time – it's difficult to connect with any of the characters. Each of them is too clearly there to make a point or to illustrate a theme. As a result we're left with a strangely impersonal book that sometimes reads more like a dissertation than a novel, an impression that is only reinforced by the bibliography and recommended viewing. And quite what the System wants is never quite clear. Are they just observers, or something more sinister? In any case, Halliday gives the Absolute a sequel-hunting exit worthy of the Master in his prime. We're left in no doubt that the story isn't over yet, especially after Sabbath takes the Doctor aside for an unseen private conversation ...

The biggest problem with *History 101* is the way that Halliday's argument comes to dominate everything else. At times, she has clearly become so caught up in her ideas that she forgets the audience, and, as a result, the novel becomes very heavy going; more academic textbook than TV tie-in. Often, the theme is hammered home with little subtlety, for example in the Doctor's torturously lengthy internal monologue in which he goes over the ethics of altering historical perception. As such, it can only be counted a qualified success, albeit one that bodes well for the future.

If Halliday can just tone down her academic style and deliver her message with a little more sensitivity, then her next *Doctor Who* book could be very good indeed ...

History 101 sometimes reads more like a dissertation than a novel

MATT MICHAEL

Grisly

FIVE GOES TO THE JUNGLE ...

DOCTOR WHO: COMBAT ROCK

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR MICK LEWIS
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53855 4

Released in sunny July, *Combat Rock* is basically a holiday book about tourism. The jungle Jenggel is home to the Indoni and Papul civilisations; the Indoni have established military rule over the primitive Papul and exploit their ancient culture of totem poles and mummified chieftains as a must-see attraction for adventurous off-worlders.

Into this hybrid of colonialism and commerce wander the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria. Superficially, Lewis's jungle world pushes Season Five's TARDIS team outside, and away from the 'base-under-siege' story. But the thick vegetation and dark-leafed canopy of its interior are, in truth, as cloying and claustrophobic as any pipeline. This is, after all, an island. All told, Mick Lewis has fashioned a much more traditional story – in its structure at least – than he did with *Rags*, although many of its themes resurface. As before, it appears an ancient force is turning to savagery – spurred on by their mummified chieftains suddenly spewing up venomous snakes, the Papuls have become machete-happy, relieving the odd tourist of their head – but this is tied to a quest plot, whose roots lie in *Tomb of the Cybermen*, or even the second half of *The Daleks*. Captured by Papul freedom-fighters, the Doctor's party becomes involved in the hunt for the Krallik, a mysterious god figure believed to be at the centre of Jenggel's disturbances; the search punctuated by all the hot tempers and cowardice that blighted Professor Parry's expedition. For the Doctor, the journey is an episodic series of dangers and distractions typical of a Jules Verne adventure travelogue. On TV, *Combat Rock* would be the kind of story that could be expanded indefinitely – jungle troubles such as broken rope bridges, downstream river rafting and impassable ravines, let alone the more colourfully bizarre (an attack from a giant purple reptile) – colluding to delay the finish.

Ah, TV ... perhaps not. The foamy innards of a Cyberman seen spilling out in *Tomb* is very *Combat Rock* – or it would be if it were crimson, and instead of cutting away, Morris Barry held your face to it for a full 25 minutes. Lewis clearly doesn't want you to forget his previous 'PDA-nasty' just yet. The blood he spilt in the south west of England runs as thickly on Jenggel. His inventiveness with gore is undiminished, among his latest stomach-churners a body squeezed "like a tube of toothpaste". Lewis measures horror by how much it can repulse you; the number of times you lurched or

Also released

BY VANESSA BISHOP

MYTH MAKERS: A TRIBUTE TO PATRICK TROUGHTON
REELTIME PICTURES, £12.99

Here's a tribute that says all the right – and expected – things, with BBC boss Shaun Sutton finding the most unusual ways of saying them (describing Troughton's face as having "the secret of eternal age"). Wendy Padbury is the only notable absentee here, which raises issues of content and context. Obviously the Michael Craze interview is an old one, and Deborah Watling's – with pauses so pregnant they need inducing – very recent, commenting as she does on her father's death. But everything else is unhelpfully unclear. Without an entire set of *Myth Makers* to reference, it's impossible to say how much of this is new, and how much is a cuttings job.

The tape carries an interview caught at Troughton's only UK convention, PanoptiCon VI, offered here in foggy black-and-white to cover the inadequacies of its home-movie quality. In full Second Doctor garb, this appearance has become legend, many who saw it claiming Troughton stayed in character. However, this is "Oh my word!", "Oh my giddy aunt!" free, and instead very much in line with the nerves and awkwardness associated with his public appearances.

Unwittingly, Troughton repays Shaun Sutton's praise, viewing him as more sympathetic to his Doctor than Sydney Newman, who kept badgering for a more over-the-top portrayal. He also complains of the programme's workload, a point picked up by Frazer Hines, who remembers *The Mind Robber*'s shorter episodes as being a concession to the exhausted team.

Overall, this is a portrait of the 'lovely man, wonderful actor' variety. But some production staff attempt to give a less sentimental perspective – Victor Pemberton focusses on Troughton's stubborness, and Christopher Barry on his lack of ambition, believing that this led to him never becoming as big a star as he could have been.

This'll do until someone writes that biography ...

MYTH MAKERS: YEE JEE TSO

REELTIME PICTURES, £12.99

The problem with the TV Movie, concludes Yee Jee Tso, was that its audience was too wide and different. The problem for Yee Jee is that his *Doctor Who* exposure is too narrow. His Chang Lee's a bit like Chewbacca to the *Star Wars* movies – part of something really big but of no actual interest himself. He's just one of those awful, unrewarding stooge roles created to make someone else look clever.

Yee Jee himself would make a much more likeable Chang Lee. He's someone you want to watch and listen to – a surprise, I admit, after his certifiable performance on the *Doctor at Sea* video. The significance of 1996's TV Movie goes some way to disguising that this is 50 minutes dedicated to a one-off character. But of the film's four main stars, Yee Jee is last in the pecking order, and you feel *Myth Makers* understands this, slotting in questions that deal specifically with McGann, Ashbrook and Eric Roberts. The tape tries to function like a regular volume, but we get 'favourite scene' instead of 'favourite story', 'worst line' instead of 'worst script' – but what can you expect when your best and worst moments in *Doctor Who* are only separated by 20 minutes ...?

DR WHO AND THE DALEKS/DALEKS – INVASION EARTH 2150AD BOX SET

WARNER DVD, £24.99

Next year's a big one for the Daleks, *Doctor Who*'s 40th anniversary being theirs as well. Sneaking in ahead of the celebrations comes Warner DVD with the Region 2 release of their two 1960s films. Thrown in is Lumière's excellent *Dalekmania* documentary, trailers and a DVD-ROM feature of the original campaign brochures. Only the first film carries a commentary, mediated by journalist Jonathan Sothcott, with Jennie Linden and Roberta Tovey skilfully avoiding the longeurs and ramblings of the format.

Of course, like a child star, it all came too fast and early for the Daleks. Before anyone really knew what they were about – BANG! – there they were on the big screen in a 'Somewhere over the rainbow' all-colour spectacle. The films were made on the craze for

---

winced while reading are counted as successes. If TV *Doctor Who*'s horror was Hammer, then Lewis' is Romero; serving deaths by chainsaw and spit roast. For many, this approach put *Rags* on the ropes a bit, the frenzied punk attacks appearing gratuitous. It sits better in *Combat Rock*, however, as such grisliness as cannibalism and violence as a means of population control are right at its core. Bloodier than any previous Troughton, *Combat Rock* is also far funnier, Jamie becoming the target of its humour. His encounter with the ridiculous, ostrich-sized Kassowark bird is pure pantomime, and his attempts to avoid becoming a cannibal's cooked supper infinitely wittier than *The Two Doctors*' run at the same subject. Best of all is his prickly relationship with Indoni whore Santi, her pidgin English and his thick Scots accent contributing to many comic misunderstandings.

Lewis handles the usually blank character of Victoria in a much more political way than her screen stories dared. As a daughter of the British Empire, all those colonising and enslaving aliens she met never once struck her as familiar. Here she's made to recognise the Indoni's Imperialist attitudes, and view them sceptically. Perhaps the book's political grievances eventually gain too much ground – Lewis's prose certainly hasn't the same fluidity as when he's on torture and painful death. He explores the native question from every possible perspective, but it's the jungle where he's at. Like the power struggle between Vishinsky and Salamar in *Planet of Evil*, you hang on through the story's other issues just to get another peek at the scenery. Jenggel is a ZetaMinor/Eden/Spiridon-meets-Chloris/Kembel/Deva Loka nightmare – almost a *Doctor Who* theme park of hostile jungle terror – and, for all it's political messages, *Combat Rock*'s greatest hurrah is that it at last gives the indoor-sy Second Doctor the chance to experience such a setting.

VANESSA BISHOP

Bloodier than any previous Troughton tale, it's also funnier

Curious

YOU EXPECT-A ME TO TALK-A, EH?

DOCTOR WHO: THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD

SOUNDTRACK BBC WORLDWIDE
AUTHOR DAVID WHITAKER
RRP £13.99

BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO

Yetis, Cybermen, Ice Warriors, Weed creatures, a flamboyant Mexican dictator. One of these things is not like the others, one of these things just doesn't belong ... *The Enemy of the World* is Season Five's holiday from Nigel Kneale knock-offs, a six-week break in the exotic climes and Nehru collars of James Bond as mixed by Eon Films and Sean Connery. David Whitaker's script, a 'Dr No versus Dr Who' showdown with an audience draw even Broccoli and Saltzman hadn't thought of – the same actor would play both hero and villain!

Well, that's its reputation, anyway. Its surviving third episode puts it differently – zero action and flock wallpaper corridors. Terence Young got Jamaica and Guy Hamilton a stylishly-imagined Fort Knox – for Barry Letts, it's a kitchen set and Troughton hiding in a box. On this evidence, if *The Enemy of the World* is a Bond film, it's *Never Say Never Again*. Episodes One (all hovercrafts and helicopters) and Four onwards, though, put a better case for *Enemy*'s Bond allusions.

The Enemy of the World is one of *Doctor Who*'s great 'two for the price of one' offers – I'm sure that's how the production team looked at it, anyway. A deal which, when last used in *The Massacre*, saw Hartnell play his dual role like a short-staffed repertory company, walking out of one scene as the Doctor and back in another as the Abbot of Amboise. Whitaker's story sets out to be more visually sophisticated than that – its near-future setting allowing the Doctor to watch his evil Salamander double on video. We're also treated to a brief face-to-face encounter. Salamander is a curious creation – bi-curious, by the look of his lacey outfit. He's the barking megalomaniac with the Adam Ant wardrobe; a mad, New Romantic, self-appointed King of the Wild Frontier. He's also unique amongst Doctor doppelgangers for being absolutely nothing like him – well, he's got different hair and a ham accent that's escaped from a spaghetti western at least. As a South American, presumably he's also tanned and swarthy – something his security chief Donald Bruce clearly forgot when the Doctor is rushed into a quick impression. But that's the attraction of Whitaker's script – it turns the whole doppelganger idea upside-down. It's a 'Doctor pretending to be the villain' story rather than the other way around. For Troughton, the differences in Salamander give him the chance to create something completely new, rather than just a bad-tempered version of his Doctor, as poor old Tom was left to do in *Meglos*.

"I am-a ze Doctor! Honestly, gringo!" © BBC

Salamander gives Troughton the chance to create something new

Salamander betters some recent Bond villains by recognising that to be major league, a secret base is essential. His is of the Blofeld school, hidden in the rock beneath his Hungarian estate. The mechanisms and descent chambers he takes to reach it are, by the sound of Frazer Hines's narration, extraordinarily intricate and complex, and the base itself, flanked by his disaster-causing equipment, the best set of the production. The base and the sheltered community that hide there foreshadow the duped astronauts of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*; living under the deception they have survived a nuclear war and that a power struggle still rages on the surface. First time around, however, it doesn't work quite so well. The sheltered community are the engineers of Salamander's natural disasters, but the sciences used to cause them are vague and hurried over. Also, though the confrontations between Salamander and leader Swann produce some good scenes, you feel the whole community is there just as another example of Salamander's evil, and he might just as well have operated all his destructive technology himself.

Of course, all Doctor doppelganger stories come down to the same thing – the big scene where, like a sappy hairspray ad, we ask 'Is he or isn't he?' *Enemy*'s big scene isn't quite the winner it should be – Salamander's thick Mexican accent rather ruins his plan, it's tacked on too late and besides, the TARDIS is the wrong place for it. It's like Blofeld attempting a coup from M's office; Salamander isn't exactly on top of the situation, and the whole thing seems to be staged just so he can be dispatched *Goldfinger* style: sucked out of the TARDIS' open doors mid-flight. But none of this matters too much, as Salamander's a super-villain – grand gestures are always much more their style than logic.

Perhaps *The Enemy of the World* doesn't completely deliver, but on audio, it's eminently more satisfying and comprehensible than Season Five's other soundtracks. A big Mexican wave to the odd man out! VANESSA BISHOP

Preposterous

NOT WITH A BANG, BUT ...

DOCTOR WHO: EXCELIS DECAYS

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR CRAIG HINTON
RRP £9.99
ISBN 1 903654 65 3

"Eric would have been proud," mutters Sylvester McCoy's Doctor, surveying the totalitarian beaurocracy that Excelis has become. The Eric in question is Blair, better known as George Orwell, whose *Nineteen Eighty-Four* forms the wholesale inspiration for the social structure and urban infrastructure of this now perpetually warring city-state. Of course, he could have said "Orwell would have been proud," but he's become an academic snob, asking elsewhere "Who watches the watchmen?" – but not until he's given us the original quote in Latin, lest anyone should doubt his mastery of classics.

In fairness, Orwell's mission differed from author Craig Hinton's in that he was writing a contemporary social satire whereas Hinton has to provide the conclusion to a distinct yet complementary trilogy of plays. In this, he fails entirely. Over the course of the drama, the state of affairs alters little, with the only really perceptible narrative movement being the Doctor's investigation, unhampered by suspense, into how this equilibrium was established. Scant emphasis is given to the villain's plans or ambitions, so when they are revealed (mastery over space and time, natch), it's much, much, too late. Repeated listening has yet to impress on me the nature of the trilogy's linking token, the Artefact, or quite how the Doctor accesses it. The ending lets down the listener, devalues the preceding instalments, and fails to provide closure.

Anthony Stewart Head rescues a drama in which little happens

This is a Bad Finish production.

This post-industrial Excelis could, however, inspire as a merely ambient setting. Squawky military communications between patrols cleansing the drab concrete streets of their dissidents are accompanied by a music score of clanging scaffolding, giving the overall impression of walking past a building site on a grey winter morning with a bad hangover. However, the dialogue heard on building sites is often of a higher standard than here

Ian Collier, now sounding more like *The Food Programme*'s Derek Cooper than *The Time Monster*'s Stewart Hyde should be a gift to any audio production, and at times almost tricks one in to believing that his Commisar Sallis has as much power as he does authority. Alas, for all his vocal texture, he is perhaps the most impotent character I can ever recall in *Doctor Who*, spending the entire play behind his desk, and only realising with how little honour he has conducted his private life within minutes of it ending. He is burdened with some quite incredible lines – "Jancis' word is good enough for me," he says of a housekeeper he spurned decades earlier, deciding to accept the Doctor's credentials instantly. Preposterous! He even has to speak incomprehensible French, talking of the army elite's *"Corps d'esprit,"* when any schoolboy knows that the term for such a spirit of comradeship is *"Esprit de corps"*. *Zut alors!*

Anthony Stewart Head also possesses an enchanting voice, and, although I'd draw the line at to listening to him read a telephone directory, he certainly helps rescue a drama in which little actually happens, and most significant developments – such as Head's Grayvorn regaining corporeality – have already occurred. If such events must be depicted via exposition and not through the blatantly superior mechanism of flashback, then I'm glad it's his voice doing the expositing.

The Masterson Inheritance was a cheery exercise on Radio 4 a few years ago in which the usual suspects of British improvisational comedy created a spontaneous half-hour comic melodrama every week, attempting to trip each other up – "What do you mean you're going to the cloakroom? We're in a hot air balloon!" – that sort of thing. I was reminded of *Masterson* in the closing minutes of *Excelis Decays*, as Grayvorn lets slip that he has in the room a button that will end the world. With the players having abandoned drama, and started playing silly buggers instead, it is inconsistent, I feel, that the Doctor does not immediately retort that *he* has a button that will *save* the world! And while elsewhere this month his next incarnation is stubbornly refusing to forsake Charley to save the web of time, it seems uncharacteristic that the Doctor here sacrifices a whole planet just to prevent Grayvorn getting into the TARDIS. He's saved the game with the ball nearer the back of the net than that before, after all, and I cannot remember a single instance of our hero failing to save a planet and consigning it to oblivion. Apart, that is, from the author's very, very own *The Quantum Archangel*.

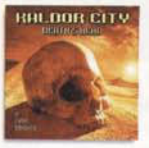
It is dangerously hubristic for a work of fiction to invite comparison with an established literary classic, when such comparison throws it into such a poor light. "Eric" would not, I submit, have been proud of this. The only word in his Newspeak for *Excelis Decays* is Doubleplusungood – since it belongs firmly in Room 101. DAVE OWEN

Tangled

SEND IN THE ROBOTS. OR NOT.

KALDOR CITY: DEATH'S HEAD

AUDIO DRAMA MAGIC BULLET
AUTHOR CHRIS BOUCHER
RRP £10.99



Of all the future worlds in *Doctor Who*, none is so razor-tongued as Kaldor. The Sandminer crew in *The Robots of Death* dress and bitch like a Christmas special of *Dynasty* or *The Colbys*. The offices and desert research station of *Death's Head* show that insults and cutting ripostes have now completely obliterated what was left of any believable conversation. It makes Chris Boucher's tale, touted as 'Chandleresque suspense', fun – Paul Darrow's cold tones could make the line "I love you" sound like "You sack of shit" – but the point-scoring and enigmatic banter come in far ahead of the story.

Returning with Darrow from the first *Kaldor City* are Brian Croucher, Scott Fredericks, Trevor Cooper, Peters Miles and Tuddenham, and Russell Hunter reprising Uvanov, the company chairholder experiencing another bad day when someone turns up trying to flog him the skull of Taren Capel. Covered in poison and deadly to the touch, the skull is a macabre weapon in an assassination plot. Who's behind it and why, Boucher needn't fear us guessing; this is a very tangled web.

As before, there isn't quite enough Kaldor in *Kaldor City*. Boucher has taken its air of vitriol and murder, but none of its finery or decadence. Principally, he ignores the robots. They gain a handful of mentions, but mainly as a way of insulting the intelligence or capability of another character. Audio writes the Dums off, but it seems a miss not to exploit the measured tones of the Vocs and SuperVocs. Here's to old Uvanov surviving many more assassination attemps, for if he doesn't, and with the robots seemingly locked away, Scott Fredericks' Carnell – Boucher's *Blake's 7* character – might as well claim this series for the Federation.

VANESSA BISHOP

"Hello. We're hardly in this ..." © BBC

◄ what a Dalek looked and sounded like. It was about screen time, not story. It was capturing the Daleks' new multi-coloured liveries that mattered, not their extermination policy or life as nuclear mutants. Viewed like that, the movies' kitschness was inescapable; even if they were based on war allegories Nation had apparently scripted by accident, not much of it was going to make the sound stages of Shepperton.

The first film's colour and design seem inherently 1950s and comic-book, like its producers couldn't get *Forbidden Planet* out of their minds. On television, Skaro's forests were petrified; here they look enchanted. *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150 AD* is the better film, its Dalek-blitzed London a thoroughly British piece of pessimism. The rest, though, is still diluted, kiddified, half-term film fun. It makes its point about the dehumanised Robomen, not as the series does, showing one unable to recognise his brother, but by an unfunny turn from Bernard Cribbins, behaving like a clockwork soldier.

Like most fans, I've had my ups and downs with the Dalek films. I've been knocking around long enough to remember when rubbishing them was part of a fan's apprenticeship. Viewed as grand, gaudy, bastard births, tearing them to shreds was easy. Easy because fandom chose to ignore what was great about them – their scale and visuals – and instead concentrated on what it thought was poor – the Doctor, his companions and the TARDIS. The truth is, all we cared about was that they dared to contradict our Programme Guides. In a classic act of fan perversity, we ditched the lot because the first film never bothered to re-mount *An Unearthly Child!*

That was then, and deep down, I don't think we've changed much. Nobody out there actually prefers the films' re-write of *Doctor Who* lore, and none of it makes much sense anyway (why should Cushing's dotty old Dr Who build a time machine in the shape of a Police Box? And why should it be bigger on the inside than on the out?). For all that, the films are probably enjoyed more now than ever before – you can't turn on Channel 4 of an afternoon for fear of catching one. The gradual rehabilitation of these films has been helped by a fandom that doesn't seem to want to take itself so seriously, and now delights rather more in the uncanonical.

Which is just as well, as it looks very likely the Dalek films will outlast everything else. *Doctor Who* on TV in the 1990s was more Peter Cushing than Paul McGann. Even when panel games stop using the original series as quiz questions, and all else is forgotten, there will still be the Dalek films and Milton Subotsky's Family Who.

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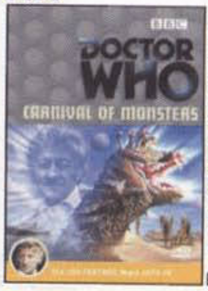
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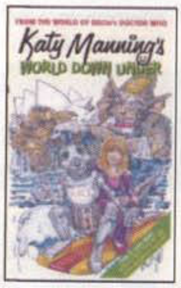
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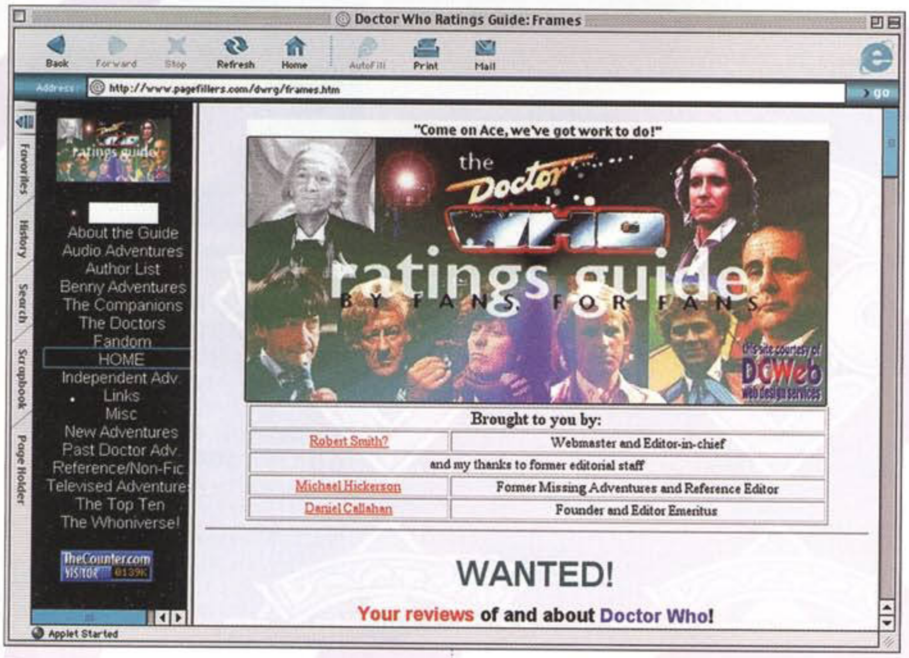
IN THE FIRST OF A BRAND NEW SERIES, MARK WYMAN TRAWLS THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SEARCH OF OUR FAVOURITE TIME LORD ...

Finding websites devoted to Doctor Who*: ten a penny. Finding* Doctor Who *websites with creative design and content: rarer. Finding such sites being maintained as an ongoing concern: priceless. A simplification, naturally: yet with internet access having outgrown its novelty value to become an everyday activity, the thrill of finding a site about Time Lords or TARDISes is pretty much last century's news.*

So here's where ***DWM*** *starts looking for websites that offer some more distinctive content than the norm. We'll be covering the 'biggies' in future issues, but for now let's just dip a toe into the murky waters.*



"Come on Ace, we've got work to do!"

Brought to you by:	
Robert Smith?	Webmaster and Editor-in-chief
and my thanks to former editorial staff	
Michael Hickerson	Former Missing Adventures and Reference Editor
Daniel Callahan	Founder and Editor Emeritus

WANTED!

Your reviews of and about Doctor Who!

THE DOCTOR WHO RATINGS GUIDE

First, if you're interested in a range of opinions on all sorts of stories, why not try exploring *www.pagefillers.com/dwrg/* – it's not, as you might expect, about audience figures, but is instead a vast compendium of (mostly) literate reviews of the Doctor's adventures in all kinds of media. Old TV stories, Virgin and BBC novels, the latest audio dramas and more are covered: the Doctors and their companions get report cards too.

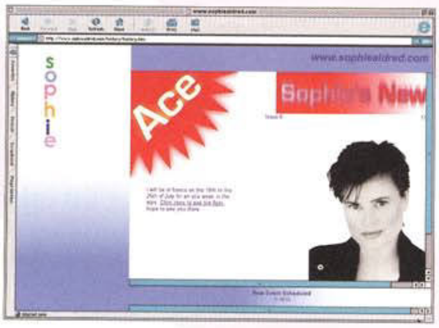
After six years of expansion – it was online by September 1996 – the most impressive thing here is simply that it is still expanding in an orderly fashion. The Ratings Guide (written "by fans, for fans") logged its 2,500th review in January 2002, and it's 3,000th in July. One day's additions in July included thoughts on *The Mysterious Planet*, *Time and the Rani*, *The Paradise of Death*, *Alien Bodies* and *Seasons of Fear*: if they're representative, then the majority of reviews are decently argued, aware of a story's context, and thought-provoking. The latest contributions can be readily accessed by date, or by story: for example, Big Finish's *Doctor Who* audios have, on average, five reviews each.

As is common even with the most open-door sites – and it's Liberty Hall for aspiring reviewers here – a core of regular contributors can be discerned, but the level of participation remains highly impressive. Visually the site is functional rather than flashy, but that's no bad thing: far better to have a text-dominated site that functions well, than an over-designed one that doesn't.

SOPHIE ALDRED'S SITE

From a wide-ranging site, let's turn to one with a more personal focus: Sophie Aldred's website at *www.sophiealdred.com*. We've chosen this one, not only because it's an appealing and useful site, but also because this month the ever-youthful Sophie reaches her 40th birthday. Navigation, using the brightly-coloured letters of Sophie's name, suitably evokes Aldred's experience as a children's TV presenter in such hot hits as *Corners*, *Words and Pictures* and, erm, *Melvin and Maureen's Music-a-Grams*.

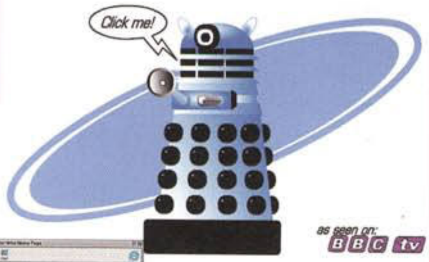
Those seeking an updated, online variant of her 1996 book *Ace!*, may be disappointed, however. The biographical material here is rather different: Aldred's pleasant account of her childhood and time attending Manchester Uni promises 'Coming soon – Part Two', as it has done for some months. Yet elsewhere there are candid pictures ranging from her infancy right up to some recent *Doctor Who* work, recording the Big Finish story *Colditz*. Fan-originated pictures have been included, plus a range of scanned flyers for past conventions and other appearances.



When **DWM** checked, the 'Latest News' was up-to-date, promoting an Alpine drama workshop Sophie and Sylvester McCoy were about to attend, but an archive of previous news would be welcome. Souvenir hunters seem well served by the online store, with secure ordering for autographed products. However, here – as elsewhere on the site – there's a sense that the design hasn't been fully thought out to utilise the screen. Finally, an unrestricted message board, where Sophie sometimes joins discussions, is accessible from the homepage. A brave idea, which has inevitably been infiltrated by some rude, unregistered posters (a form of the dreaded online 'trolls'). Yet some of the threads are diverting, and the site is well worth exploring.

BELLAMYCOM

Many sites trying to be funny about *Doctor Who* or its fandom are very predictable, so the third of our chosen sites is well off the beaten track, and just a little dusty. Entitled BellamyCom – in homage to the moustacheod purveyor of Yorkshire 'liquorish' who often advertised on the back page of **Doctor Who Weeky** – its web address is even more obscure. You'll need to set your browser to *http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Atlantis/6347/* (no chance at all of finding it via a search engine!).


Click me!
as seen on: BBC tv

With GeoCities as the host, distracting pop-up frames are one downside, but Mr Bellamy's naughty graphic tales are good for a few giggles.

In the first two of its four sections, going clockwise round your 'liquorish' host, you'll find the sublime *Grandfather's Cupboards*, which reveal the hitherto hidden dark side of the comic strip First Doctor, then it's *Peter's Crease*, where the cricketing Fifth Doctor pulverises a string of intruders in ballsy fashion. The inspired *Grope-A-Dalek* is next: 'Click me!' it begs, and presuming your computer has a sound card, you should start at the base and work up ... Lastly, its *Archives* include a set of lampooned comic strips reworked from this very magazine. BellamyCom is gleefully disrespectful, but far more creative than many other sites past or present. Created three years ago, it seems to have been a one-off project by a chap named Johnny Michaels, so we'd be interested to hear of other, more recent sites as original and funny as this. DWM

Opinion: I Do Not Think It Becomes Us To Mock The Melkur
See page 75

Shock Claim: Only 32% of 'Fantastic Facts' Fantastic – Rest 'Ordinary Facts'
See page 81

New Calculation Of Pi Vindicates Hurndall
See page 3.1415...er ... 2

Space-Time Telegraph

Compiled by SORVAD

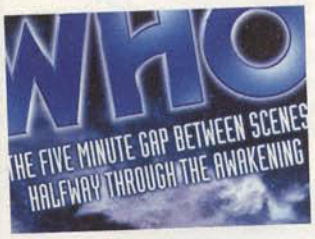
ISSUE 2 AUGUST 2002

LIKE 'HEAT', BUT ABOUT OLD PEOPLE

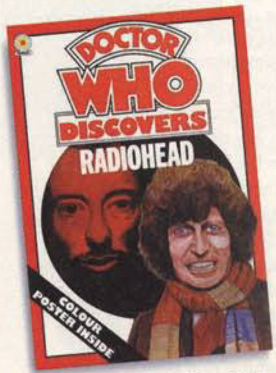
101 GALLIFOUNDS (12.78 EUROS)

INSIDE

Fan Glimpses Alternate Dimension Where Time Wasted Watching 'The Sensorites' Was Spent Having Fulfilling Sex


WHO
THE FIVE MINUTE GAP BETWEEN SCENES HALFWAY THROUGH THE AWAKENING

Disaster For Books And Audios As Final Continuity Gap Filled



Relaunch Of 'Dr Who Discovers' Book Range Planned

NEW TITLES WILL APPEAL TO STUDENT MARKET, HOPE BBC

In Preparation: 'Dr Who Discovers Post-Feminist Politics,' 'Dr Who Discovers Marijuana Cigarettes'

Fans Wrong, Public Right!

IN AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT will shake 'Dr Who' fandom down to its Tom Baker underpants, **Space-Time Telegraph** can today reveal that a random check of files at the BBC by Andrew Pixley has uncovered the shocking truth that fans' recollections of 'Dr Who' are wrong ... whilst the general viewing public's are completely accurate!

DESPERATE

Says Andrew: "I couldn't believe it at first but the evidence was all there, between the stuck-together pages of a buff manilla folder compiled in 1981 with 'TOP SECRET: REAL HISTORY OF DR WHO' written on the outside beneath a coffee ring and above some suggestive doodles of Legs & Co, which somehow found its way into a jammed-shut filing cabinet in the 'Sportsnight' office." It now appears that the video releases, repeats of the series, etc, were all made shortly before release by the BBC at huge expense in a desperate attempt to hide the truth and tally with fans' memories. An unnamed BBC source told us: "We were desperate not to upset the fans, so we pulled out all the stops to make each story just as slow-moving and mildly disappointing as they remembered it."

SLOMAN

Space-Time Telegraph can now reveal the REAL 'Dr Who' stories – the ones the public, not the fans, remembered. A fully revised episode guide available next year will tell all, with this short extract alone yielding the following gems:

ROBOT MAGGOTS COME OUT OF THE SEA WITH SPIDERS
(6 episodes) by Malcolm Hulke

WHEN THE DALEKS AND THE CYBERMEN TEAMED UP
(4 episodes) by Terrance Dicks

RICE KRISPY MONSTER CHASES THE MICHELIN MAN
(4 episodes) by Christopher H Bidmead

HE'S NOT AS GOOD AS THE LAST ONE
(4 episodes) by Eric Saward

HIM OFF 'VISION ON' GOT KILLED BY THE TIMELORDS
(3 episodes) by Kevin Clarke

The main girl - not Leela, the other one. Sally James.

THE MASTER SHRANK DR WHO AND CHANGED HIM INTO ANTI-MATTER BUT HE ESCAPED BECAUSE THE TARDIST WAS IN A CRICKET BALL
(4 episodes) by Terence Dudley

WHEN THE TARDIST WENT WRONG AND DR WHO FIXED IT BY HYPNOTISING THE GENERAL
(4 episodes) by Robert Sloman

IT WAS ALWAYS ON ON A SUNDAY NIGHT
(26 episodes) by Bruce Forsyth

GIANT SHARK MENACES SMALL U.S. TOWN
(6 Episodes) by Steven Spielberg

'The Space Pirates' Found!

Milo Clancey And Maurice Caven To Battle Again At Last!

YOU HAVE BEEN WATCHING...

PATRICK TROUGHTON

LISA DANIELY

IN AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT will shake 'Dr Who' fandom down to its Peter Davison wallpaper, **Space-Time Telegraph** can today reveal that a Grade 4 Foundry Unit carrying out a routine sanitary inspection at BBC Four Counties Radio ("Bringing you all the latest news from Bucks, Berks and Beds!") has uncovered all six exhausting episodes of 1969 classic 'The Space Pirates', jammed between a battered fax machine and a coffee-maker. These are the extras planned by the Restoration Team for next April's DVD release:

- *Unused 'You Have Been Watching' End Titles*
- *Limited Edition Madeleine Issigri steel wig*
- *Upgraded CGI modelwork*
- *Upgraded CGI performances*
- *Upgraded CGI CGI*
- *Easter Egg – Super 8 footage of Wendy Padbury colliding with vicar*

Sadly, for reasons of copyright, the episodes themselves cannot be included in this set or, indeed, ever seen again.

BBC Releases List Of Shows 'Embarrassed About/Not Embarrassed About'

EMBARRASSED ABOUT
Doctor Who
NOT EMBARRASSED ABOUT
Holby City
Two Thousand Acres Of Sky
Vets In Practice
Dog Eat Dog
Ruby's Waiting Game
The National
Lottery Jetset

Rockface
Born & Bred
My Hero
Big Break
So Haunt Me

Whose 'Who's Who?'?

Discovery Of Rejected Lyrics Reveals Tovey Hit As Original Choice For TV Series' Theme – Sung By Carole Ann Ford!

If you see a man with long white hair / And a vicious little snarl on his face / Who'll terrify you with his crusty ways / As he travels from place to place / He'll insult all kinds of people wherever he may go / And all his friends will tell you that he's not so nice to know ...

Who's Who? Who's Who? / Well, Dr Who it's said / He's quite at home betraying his friends / Or striking a caveman dead / He's condoned human sacrifice / But whatever he may do / He'll always be my grandfather / Who? Dr Who

If you've got sweats and you've got cramps / And from radiation died / Well, grandfather's risked all our lives / For the sake of his own pride / He'll accuse his friends of sabotage and callous treachery / And this is what I'll say to them if they should ask of me ...

It's Who. Who's Who? / Well, Dr Who of course / That grinding noise, those electric shocks / Means that we've spun off course / It could be spite or selfishness / But whatever he may do / He'll always be my grandfather / Who? Dr Who!

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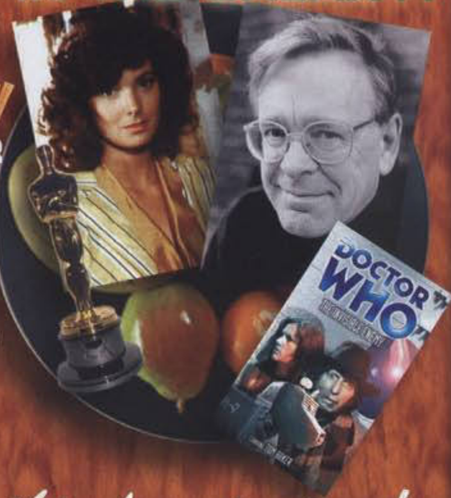
Nicola will be signing copies of the new Big Finish CD ***...ISH*** at £13.99 + £1.50 p&p via mail order. John will be signing copies of the new BBC video ***THE INVISIBLE ENEMY*** priced £12.99 + £1.50 p&p. Pre-order to receive one signed by **Louise Jameson** as well! Official BBC photos will also be on sale on the day.



Then try this for starters!

SYLVESTER McCOY

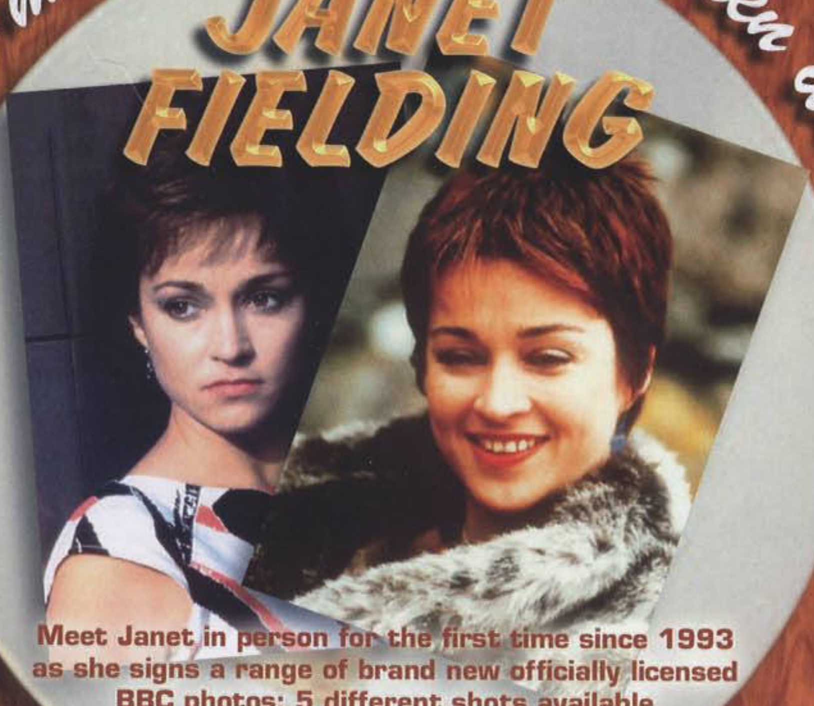
SATURDAY 21ST SEPTEMBER 2002

The seventh Doctor returns to 10th Planet for his annual visit, this time to sign copies of the brand new Big Finish CD
THE RAPTURE
CD priced £13.99 + £1.50 p&p via mail order
Official BBC photos will also be available on the day
ADDITIONAL SURPRISE GUEST MAY APPEAR!

And now the main course you've all been waiting for!

Photos on sale may differ from those shown here

JANET FIELDING



Meet Janet in person for the first time since 1993 as she signs a range of brand new officially licensed BBC photos: 5 different shots available priced £8 each

NB This is a Sunday signing!

SUNDAY 29TH SEPTEMBER 2002

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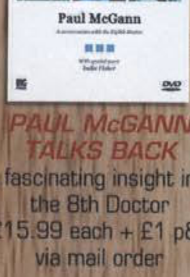
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ELISABETH SLADEN
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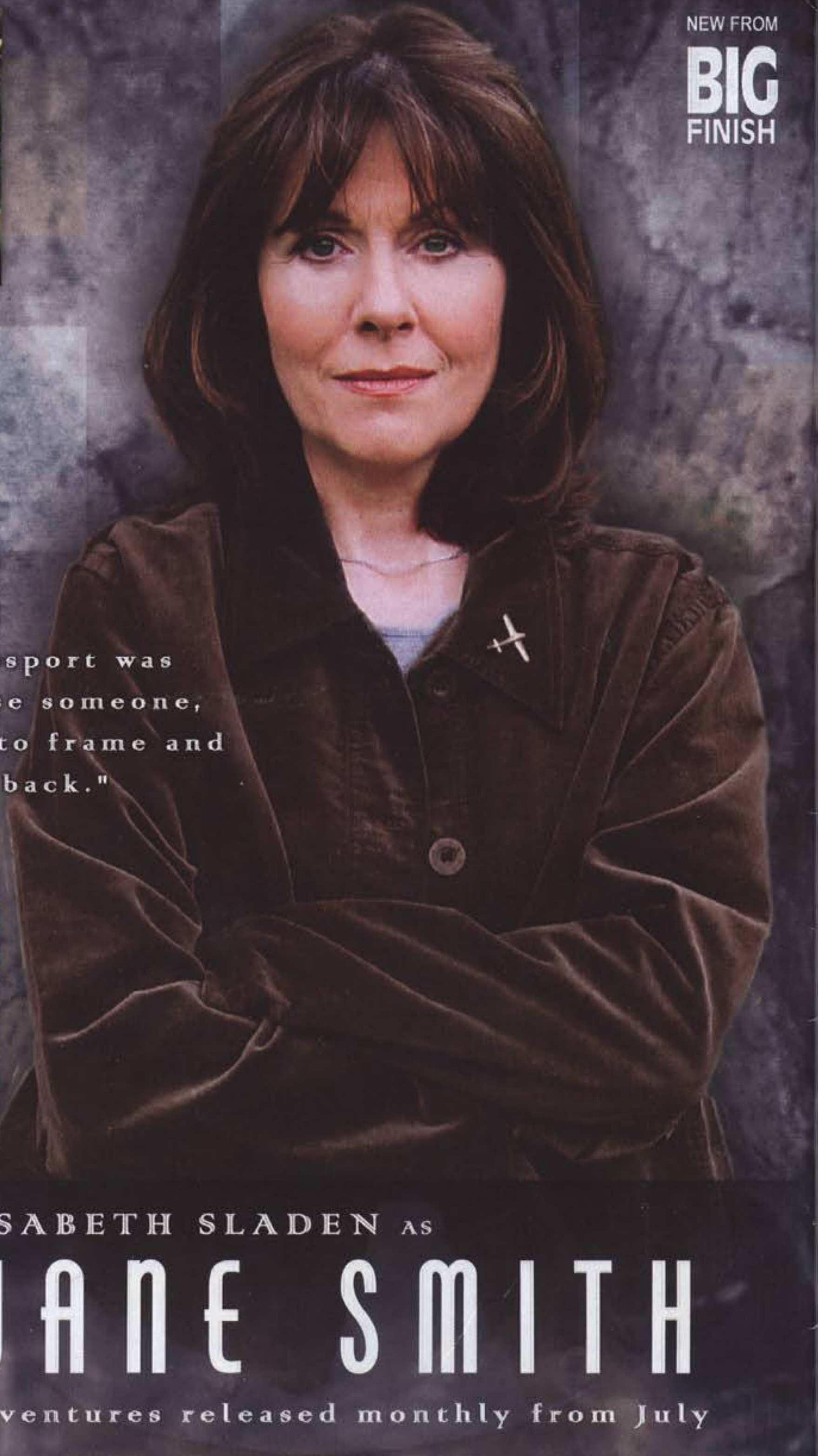

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